VOL. 48 NO. 6
JUNE 1961
Lesson Previews

Letter From the Sea

Dorothy J. Roberts

Searching, we traveled seaward, leaving you
In the desert kingdom you have built so well.
An ocean's magic could not lure you from
The solid substance of your citadel. . . .

After billowing grasses, meadow-green,
And after hemlock hung with mystery,
The highway veered from fern and forest lace
To give a golden glimpse of golden sea.

So brief a time it was to send to you—
The swift enchantment there before the wane,
The glory, momentary, on the sea,
Disk of sun, its wide and shimmering lane,

And streaming from every crested wave, the spume,
An aura visible in crystal rays,
Translucent under dome of amber sky —
A golden locket on a chain of days.

We long to share with you, not here to see,
The fluted breakers driven from the west,
Tossing, on wind of gold, their streaming manes,
Tinted, haloed, and made manifest.

But you stand firmly, hill and desert-bound,
And though we leave, you are not there alone.
You wait, complete in sand and sea and shore,
For all we seek, you have already known.

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From Near and Far

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* because it is always upbuilding, and it is an inspiration to me. Being a theology class leader here in Holland, I rely a great deal on the helpful hints that I find in the *Magazine*. My family, also has benefited from the spiritual food contained in the *Magazine*. I have been recently chosen to serve as stake president of the Relief Society in the Holland Stake, the first stake of Zion in the Netherlands, and I am sure the *Magazine* will help me in my work.

—Nora L. A. Lefrandt-Simons
The Hague, Holland

My husband is attending school here in Maryland, but our home is in Oregon, and we often feel so very far from those we love. *The Relief Society Magazine* is just like a visit home. I find the advice on thrift and budgeting (such as "New Stockings From Old Ones," by Shirley Thulin, in the February *Magazine*, and all the recipes) especially helpful. The article on making doll clothes ("Let's Dress Dolls for Christmas") by Shirley Thulin, in December, was a great help at Christmastime. Our student budget doesn't allow for a very elaborate Christmas, but our four-year-old daughter was rewardingly thrilled with the suitcase full of clothes for her doll which I was able to make with the help of the *Magazine*.

—Norma S. Davis
Baltimore, Maryland

I have been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* ever since the first year of my married life, which is now forty-seven years, and I can't begin to tell you how much my family and I enjoy reading it. I can hardly wait from one month to the next until the new *Magazine* arrives.

—Mrs. Henry Dattage
Providence, Utah

We congratulate you on the excellent quality of each issue of our *Magazine*. It is a continual source of inspiration to our sisters.

—LaVerda O. Lloyd
President, Mt. Jordan
Stake Relief Society
Sandy, Utah

May I express my appreciation for the excellent serials which we have been having in our *Magazine*. The current one "Love Is Enough" is interesting and very well written. And I especially enjoyed the previous serial "Orchids in the Snow," by Rosa Lee Lloyd, with its timely Alaskan background.

—Norma Wrathall
Sunnyvale, California

The cover of the April *Relief Society Magazine* (the Assembly Hall on Temple Square) brings back wonderful memories of my first visit to Temple Square last fall with the Big Horn Stake Singing Mothers. Singing in the Tabernacle was a wonderful thrill and a highlight in my life I shall always remember. The covers are always beautiful, but the April one has a special place in my heart.

—Agnes Collins
Lovell, Wyoming

Last June I received my first copy of *The Relief Society Magazine* as a gift from Mrs. Helen Pearson of Salt Lake City, and it was a very nice surprise to me. My husband and I enjoy the lovely stories and the beautiful cover pictures very much. As I commute by the New York subway every day, it is a pleasure to read the *Magazine* on my way to work.

—Mrs. Nelly Van Der Woude
Hollis, Long Island
New York

The Relief Society Magazine has been in my family for many years, as my mother and grandmother both subscribed to it all their lives, as my sister and I are doing now. We love and appreciate this splendid *Magazine*. The lessons are so well written and give satisfying material each time. The helps for mothers in the home are outstanding, interesting, and unique. I have always loved literature, and the articles, stories, and poetry are very enjoyable. . . . My husband and I have nine children, the oldest of whom is serving in the Western States Mission.

—Mrs. Emeline Young Watts
Logan, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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J. M. Heslop

EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY ARRANGING FLOWERS IN HER HOME

Let This Be Said

Alberta H. Christensen

Birthday Greetings to Emma Ray Riggs McKay
On Her Eighty-Fourth Birthday
June 23, 1961

Let this be said, she walked the lanes of spring
Through singing leaves, a lilac-scented street,
And found earth-beauty where she had not known
It lay — imperishable and sweet.

And be it said of her — she plucked the rose
To haven summer in a porcelain vase,
Discerning how life's miracle is wrought
From root to stem into completed grace.

Knowing spring's promise is the ripened field,
Seeing the harvest, beyond seed and loam,
She binds the circling seasons with her faith,
With patience tendered to each need of home.

Out of her love's abundance time has made
A crown of lasting glory for her head.
How wisdom-rich her sheaf of harvest yield!
Of one beloved, let this — let this be said.

Emma Ray Riggs McKay, Relief Society sisters throughout the world greet you on this your eighty-fourth birthday. They pay tribute to your unselfish service to the Church; your wisdom in choosing the good, the imperishable values of life. They honor you as a wise mother, a loyal, devoted companion; they love you as a gracious and cultured woman.

"To His Children's Children"

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

TO be an exemplary parent is to achieve success in a role of sacred trust. It is a role of paramount importance, involving great responsibility, but its compensations are rich and lasting. To be exemplary as children is also important, for to be such, children must be co-operative, willing to heed counsel and to grow in appreciation of their parents' effort and love for them. The richest blessings of earth and eternity will be realized by those families wherein the relationship is congenial, where each member works for the good of all others, and where the commandments of the Lord are faithfully lived.

Although we should always follow the scriptural admonition, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12), it is appropriate that each year specific days be set apart as a tribute to our fathers and mothers. On these special occasions we recall the constant concern of our parents for our welfare and acknowledge, with gratitude, their loving care and devotion.

How we appraise these special days of tribute depends upon our position in the family cycle. If we ourselves are parents, our minds not only return appreciatively to our individual parents, but are led to evaluate our own worthiness. Perhaps none of us merits all of the eulogistic statements made and the tributes given in classroom and pulpit.

But these very tributes can, and should motivate increased effort and rededication to a role of great responsibility, but one which is a wonderful privilege.

As the 1961 Father's Day approaches, I think of the many obligations a worthy father assumes. In addition to providing necessities of life, a father should share in the spiritual and temporal guidance of his children that the home may provide an atmosphere of unified effort and stability. Aside from other values to be gained, a father's participation in Church and community activities will help children to develop a sense of "belonging." The father is the head of the house and, in Latter-day Saint homes, is a bearer of the Priesthood, which is a priceless blessing. Children cannot know the self-discipline, unselfishness, and patience which also make for competence in parenthood, although they are unquestionably influenced for good by these desirable qualities.

I think today of my own dear father whose character and teachings have so greatly influenced my life. Father was a kind, affectionate, and intellectual man, unusually sensitive to the cultural aspects of life. A sound and consistent spirituality was basic in his personality. This fact is probably responsible for the attitude of inner peace which he possessed to a marked degree. Father's

sense of humor was subtle. His creative ability was variously expressed — one example being the wood carvings made by his very capable hands.

Living in an agricultural community, as most of the early settlements of the Church were, meant farm owning. Father loved the land — its renewal of life each spring, and he also enjoyed the creative aspect of carpentry, in which he was engaged during certain years of his life. To shape with lathe and saw articles of art or usefulness was to him rewarding effort.

IT was fortunate for the growing pioneer communities that there was talent in each, to be developed and contributed for the good of all. My father possessed talents, and they were used for the benefit of the various communities (both in Utah and Mexico) in which he lived.

Father evidenced a love for music in youth, and he was active, although merely as an avocation, in either choir (which he often directed), in orchestra, or in band work from his early manhood to his middle seventies. The Huish Band in Payson, Utah, was one of the early music organizations which contributed to the cultural development of that pioneer community. Father played several musical instruments, and in later years there were many music-evenings in our Mexico home, the children also participating.

As a young man he was a member of the Payson Dramatic Association, and he assisted in community dramatics wherever he lived. Varied interests, plus a Church mission, served in the late years of his life, kept him a happy man to the very end.

Father's love for literature influenced his children greatly. Of sweet memory are those evenings in which our family listened to his low and mellow voice. Mother and children (six daughters) would be sewing or embroidering while father read aloud — scripture, the prose of Dickens, or the poetry of Milton, Tennyson, Whittier, and Scott. Although too young to understand either the direct meaning or implications, I was intrigued by the rhythmic beauty, and

> In my young mind they were joined inseparably
> Father with his glasses and poetry.

Although creative writing is inherent in the family line, I am quite sure that my father's role in these literature home evenings, definitely increased the interest of our family members in literature. My own early attempts to write poetry were taken first to father, for his comment and criticism. Nothing pleased me more than to receive his kind approval of those childhood efforts. I have, since, often thought that our Savior must value beyond mortal knowing, the divine and loving approval of his Father, as expressed in this very significant scripture "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Mt. 3:17).

My father, James William Huish, Jr., was the eighth child in a family of ten children. Twelve years after the organization of the Church, his parents, James William, Sr., and Helen Niblett Huish, accepted the restored gospel. The family resided in Gloucestershire, England, and in 1857 the father was counseled to

come to America that the family might be united with the saints of Zion. Within two years he had saved sufficient money to send for his wife and children. In May 1861, they left Nebraska, by ox team, for the trek westward. The mother relinquished her place in the overloaded wagon that an injured brother-in-law might ride. As a result, she walked approximately two-thirds of the long distance across the plains, carrying her infant son (my father) in a shawl tied around her waist. The journey was of almost four months' duration.

LITTLE wonder that my father's faith in the gospel was deeply rooted and unwavering. As foretold in his patriarchal blessing, he engaged in numerous arguments with the infidel during his life, but his faith remained, "as a rock laid deeply in the earth, which no storm can move." His understanding of gospel doctrine was enlarged by extensive reading of scripture, commentary, and related theological works. One particular passage of scripture seemed fundamental to his religious beliefs, for I remember his using it frequently. It is familiar scripture and concerns obedience to laws upon which all blessings are predicated. I can hear him now, saying "If we want the blessing, we must abide the law." (See D & C 130:20.) I do not recall hearing my father ever speak ill of any person, express malice, or any degree of envy.

Although his wife and four of his nine children preceded my father in death, his great faith in the gospel, in the reality of family reunion in eternity, was an unfailing support.

Father's complete honesty was another outstanding characteristic. I am sure I have never known any person who was more honest than he. It was not merely an honesty in dealing with his neighbor, it was an intellectual and spiritual honesty as well. Pretence in any form seemed to have no place in either his thought or action. It was his firm conviction that success in life has nothing to do with honors of men, but that a man's belief, how he lives, and serves, and the extent to which he triumphs over specific human weaknesses, constitute the only measure of personal accomplishment.

In this brief and humble tribute to my father, in which I mention only a few of his admirable qualities, I speak for all who knew and loved him, especially for the daughter with whom he lived for many years after my mother's passing. Millions of children, old and young, will this month express gratitude for their own fathers, who, through unselfish devotion, and through the example of their lives, bequeath to their children the legacy of happy memory, high ideals, and a good name.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children" (Proverbs 13:22).

Serendipity

Albera Baker

IN the office where I work is a patent lawyer. These men feed on a kind of literature that is incomprehensible to ordinary people The descriptions of patents are in a language all their own. I quote from a pamphlet which came in the mail a few weeks ago: "The descriptions of patents are obtusely expressed, containing myriads of necessary qualifications, and extremely complex phrases running about 250 words."

Sandwiched in this publication, I found a delightful article on "Serendipity" — as out of place there as a diamond tiara in a package of Cracker Jack. Serendipity is a word coined by Hugh Walpole, referring to adventures on a mythical island of Serendip. It refers to the discovery of things unsought, the plus value which comes when one performs some routine act with an unexpected and rewarding result. The word covers the faculty of a person for dipping into things and finding, either by accident or by sagacity, something good which was not sought.

For instance, a man was struck by a car. From his hospital bed he tried to remember why he, a cautious man, had missed seeing the car coming. He realized that the wide bow of his glasses shut out the very space where he would have had a side view of the oncoming car. He is the man who invented the high-bowed glasses worn universally now — leaving clear vision out of the corners of the eyes. He made plenty of money from that accident — he certainly did not expect to.

How many Oklahoma farmers were just trying to farm when they found oil? Did you read of the night John D. Rockefeller could not sleep, and got his Bible to read? He read of the basket in which the baby Moses was put, made of woven willows and covered with pitch. Rockefeller knew the pitch must have been a form of petroleum, so he visited the land of Moses and looked there for oil. There were vast supplies there. He had not expected to make millions from reading his Bible that night.

Serendipity — it is in the whole working of our Church, and, especially, in Relief Society.

A visiting teacher and her companion are making their regular visits. They have called so often in this particular home. Today, as usual, they give the message, and something happens. The woman, who has been indifferent, is moved, and agrees to come back to Church. She has, somehow, found the strength to change her point of view. She is going to give the Church another chance to serve her.

Take the day when you were sure you could never go to Relief Society — you were so tired. But you saw your neighbor in the yard and remembered you had promised to invite her to Relief Society. This would be a good meeting, so you asked her if she would go. She became interested and came again.

Now she is a member. Isn't that an unexpected reward? Serendipity.

You are standing in the foyer in church. Nobody is speaking to you, but in the corner alone is that new member — baptized only two weeks ago. You go over to speak with her. You find she is interested in many things that interest you, and she speaks of finishing some slip covers. You have been wanting to make some, but didn't quite dare start. She offers to show you how. Just through talking with her — through making the effort to speak and make her feel at home, you have a lovely set of slip covers. Isn't that Serendipity?

Perhaps you are a *Magazine* representative. Your book shows only one renewal due this month. Is it worthwhile to phone this sister and ask that she renew — you could wait and send it with some others next month? But you call her. She is so grateful. "I wouldn't want my subscription to expire," she tells you. "I had forgotten about it. I especially want these coming issues because I am so interested in the 'Care of the Sick in the Home' lessons. I want to keep them for reference."

Doesn't it make you feel glad that you called her? Doesn't her appreciation give you a sort of glow?

EVERY now and then a member of the Priesthood, often in testimony meeting, mentions something his wife has told him she learned at Relief Society. It is something important, or beautiful, or some skill. To him it is worthy of mention. Isn't that Serendipity — to have one's husband so impressed over some by-product of Relief Society?

Do you know my very best Serendipity? It was my trip to Yellowstone Park, with a day in Denver and a day in Salt Lake. Ah, that day in Salt Lake City. That was when I met my very first Latter-day Saints, which resulted in my becoming interested. My membership has proved to be my greatest bonus. Serendipity is like an investment. You put in a little, expecting to get three per cent. But before you know it, you are getting great big dividends, far more than you had expected or dreamed of.

In Relief Society this is a constant thing. Our Heavenly Father planned this organization, and it would be perfect if we would only allow it to be. We ourselves hold it back, sometimes by indifference or criticism, by our neglect, our carelessness, our lack of co-operation, or even direct opposition.

But if we attend the meetings, perform the duties assigned to us to the very best of our abilities, and do whatever we do with our whole heart and soul, then what de we get? For one thing we grow; we learn; we become more patient; we enlarge our scope of interests; we reach out and help others. At first it may be in a small way, and then we extend ourselves and sacrifice a little, and look for more ways to be of service. We arrange our time a little better, we become more efficient in managing our home, or in handling our children. We try harder to have our meals more nourishing and interesting. And, before we know it, people are asking how we do this or that. They notice our growing capabilities and

wish to learn. Here is the society for adult improvement.

THE program is complete. It covers every facet of our lives. If we skip part of it, that leaves a section undeveloped. But if we take advantage of the entire program, we will be amazed at the Serendipity which will result. We need to put our enthusiasm, our whole mind and heart into the wonderful work which is planned for us. This is not an organization for selfish aims of personal aggrandizement. It is where we learn to live to the fullest and help others to live. It is where we develop not only our minds and skills, but our very souls. Nobody can participate in the whole Relief Society program without becoming a better person.

What do you tell your children when they come home from school and say, "I hate arithmetic," or "I hate English," or "I can't stand history?" You remember that, maybe, you were not too keen on one of these, either, but now you know how very important it was that your mind be trained along all of those lines. It is the same now. Our minds and lives need the training of Relief Society. We need the spiritual education in theology, the social awakening to the realization of our need for understanding in this nuclear age. We need to know the minds of the people of the past as expressed in their literature, and to compare their views with the thinking and living of nowadays. We need all the domestic skills we can acquire that we may have more pleasant, more loving, more influential homes in which to rear our families.

After a year of Relief Society, look back and enumerate the things you have accomplished, the ideas which have grown, the new understanding you have developed, the expansion which has taken place in your soul, and in your realization of your place in this world. You will remember the joy of accomplishment in something you made, the wonderful spirit of a testimony meeting you attended, where you felt your tiredness melt away and the resurge of wonderful vigor and dedication. All of this is Serendipity — the wonderful rewards which unexpectedly come in the natural course of doing our everyday duties.

And any day when you feel discouraged, begin adding up your Serendipity. You will find you are richer than you know.

May we all strive to be better members of Relief Society, looking for ways to improve ourselves, ways to grow, and ways to help others.

Appreciation

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The best of life from sorrow is distilled;
Progression waits in time's relentless storms.
Appreciation, taught by deprivation,
Is unalloyed and holds intrinsic charms.
The greatest joy that living brings
Is reached on slow and weighted wings.

All for the Good of the Family

Mabel Law Atkinson

"MOM, where do you keep the attachments for the vacuum? I can't find them, and I'm rather rushed for time." Ernest Peters' voice was pleasantly urgent.

"They're supposed to be in the hassock with the vacuum, in the lid compartment. Did you look there, son?" His mother's voice was gentle, for gentleness and patience were as much a part of Sarah Peters as fragrance and beauty are of April violets. "But why do you need the vacuum this morning? Ruth went through the whole house yesterday. Did you spill foot powder on the rug as you did last summer when you were home on vacation?"

Ernest smiled broadly, gave his mother the *sh* sign with his finger to his lips, then answered, "No, Mom, nor did I empty the dirt from my shoes either, as I used to do. *This is different.* You see I have quite a job ahead of me this morning, to get my *pride and joy* in tip-top shape. I must look like a promising and prosperous man this afternoon when I stop at a *certain home* in a *certain city*."

Sarah Peters smiled as she watched him stride down the path to the gate and get in his "new" 1957 car, an electric cord trailing behind him from the porch light socket.

"It's the biggest piece of foolishness I've ever heard tell of, this fussing over his car this way." Thomas Peters, Ernest's father, was joining two lengths of hose as he spoke. "Who ever heard of anything so ridiculous! Why, he just washed his car a few days ago when he first came. It hasn't even got good and dusty yet."

Mrs. Peters' eyes were dancing as they met her husband's. "I seem to remember a perfectly clean one-horse buggy stopping at the gate of my father's ranch every Saturday afternoon of a certain summer. Let's see, that was over thirty-five years ago, wasn't it? Surely you must have shined it up each week and perhaps your family helped you."

Mr. Peters grinned at his wife, then a startled look replaced the laughter in his eyes as he asked, "But, Mother, you don't mean that Ernest is . . .?"

Before he could finish his wife interrupted, "Yes, that's just what I do mean. I guess you didn't use your eyes to good advantage last week when you saw him with Doris. Now go along and be happy about washing an already clean car while Ernest does a professional job on the upholstery. Ronny can shine the hub caps and the lights for you."

Thomas Peters whistled and his steps quickened with youth. "So Ernest is at last growing up!" he mused, "coming into his heritage. His rightful heritage of becoming a man!" As he washed the car carefully he found himself recalling the times he had washed every yellow spoke of the wheels of his freshly painted buggy. Black and yellow looked pretty together, too, he said silently to himself. And I had to carry water from the river. No garden hose connected to a hydrant.

His grin broadened as he remembered bribing his big sis and his small brother to help him. "And didn't my bay mare shine in the sun after I was through currying her and combing her mane and tail! Those were the days!" he thought reminiscently.

"Mother, do you think Ernest will be as proud of his car as I was of my buggy those years ago?" Thomas Peters had returned to the door where Sarah stood watching for a few moments before beginning her morning's baking. "And tell me, did you notice how shining-clean my buggy was, even to the whip holder and the harness?"

"Yes, I'm sure I did. I distinctly recall the beauty of the clean cream-color lap robe with its raised red roses. You must have had it laundered each time you came, for it was always spotless. Never a worry I had about getting even a tiny speck of dust on my Sunday best dress."

"Those were the days, Mother, weren't they?"

"Yes, Thomas, and these are the days, too. I'm willing enough to climb into a car instead of a buggy."

"Dad!" It was Ernest calling. "Dad, I haven't too much time. Can you keep working till the car is done?"

"Why, I have it all done now, clean as can be."

"But you haven't shined it, Dad. Get Mom to give you a good soft cloth and rub every inch till it glows. I didn't notice you had quit till I shut off the vacuum."

"Remember, Thomas, how you shined each spoke of your four buggy wheels, and the dashboard, and even the two steel steps," Mother reminded him smilingly as he started to protest. Ernest was already back in the car shining the chrome work.

"Surely, I didn't bother to clean and shine the steps, did I, Mother?"

"Yes, my dear, you did. Your sister Mary used to tell on you. Made quite a dramatic production of it."

"WHAT'S Ernest up to now, Sarah?" It was Grandpa Peters who asked. He had risen from his mid-morning nap and entered the kitchen. "His car looks like it has just come from a bandbox. The boy must be getting ready to go courting. Seems only yesterday I washed my one and only conveyance for travel, a wagon, and curried my team till they shone and drove to Ernest's grandmother's home to get my Martha and take her to the temple to marry her. Times change, but people remain about the same, always clean up to go courting."

"And isn't it wonderful that they do, Grandpa, and that they *remember* what they do?"

"Then Ernest's really going courting? She better be good enough for him. Sarah, could it be that friend of Ruth's who was here last week? I hope so, for she was a real nice young woman, a real lady. You approve don't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, Grandpa, I heartily approve. In fact, I was looking ahead when I invited Doris to go with us on our family picnic a year ago when Ernest was home on vacation. I wanted him to meet her and give the two a chance to see each other. They've corresponded occasionally since, and I liked what I saw last week. She is

a lovely girl, Grandpa, and right for my son, and that is saying a lot for her. And he is right for her, which is saying much for him. Oh, Grandpa, isn't this a wonderful world? And a beautiful day?"

"Yes, Sarah, and a beautiful day to go courting."

"And a beautiful day to *remember going courting,* Grandpa!" Sarah added.

"Yes, my dear, I feel young as April myself. Get me a shining cloth, Sarah. Perhaps I can help a bit."

"You, too, Grandpa? Has Ernest cajoled you into helping, also?" It was Ruth who spoke. She was eighteen, and although she spoke candidly her smile revealed the warmth of her heart and her love for her family.

"Grandfather, you are simply the *most!* Shine it well, won't you?" Ernest was smiling, pleased as could be to see his old and beloved grandfather helping him.

"Sure, my boy, and she better notice!"

"She will, Grandfather. I'm sure she will."

A half hour later, when the car had been minutely inspected and pronounced satisfactory, Ernest asked, "Dad, may I use your car a little while?"

"Why not drive your own precious car?" It was Ruth's laughing voice. "Your car just might get a speck of dust on it. That's the reason, isn't it?" Her warm smile belied her words.

"Yes, Sis, it might, where I am going."

"And where are you going?"

"Well, I thought I'd drive up the canyon a ways and get a sort of corsage for Doris."

"A corsage! Up the canyon!"

"A corsage of wild flowers wouldn't be so bad. I remember many's the time I took your grandmother a bouquet of sego lilies." Grandpa's eyes were twinkling.

"And your father used to bring me mountain bluebells and wild roses he picked on the way. I loved them." Mother's eyes were shining.

"May I go, Ernest? Please?" Ronny pleaded. "I'll help you get a corsage."

"All right. Bring the shovel and those two boxes and let's get going."

A half hour later the two returned and Ernest carefully placed one of the boxes in the trunk of his car. The entire family, even to Grandpa, crowded about him.

"A wild rosebush! What a lovely gift!" Mother's eyes held a glad light.

"Do you think Doris will like it, Ernest?" Ruth asked seriously. It would never do for her sensitive and kindly brother to be humiliated.

"Yes, she will like it, Ruth, so don't you worry over me getting hurt." Ernest smiled at his sister who was almost startled at his intuitive powers. "When Doris saw the wild rose in our garden, she said she wanted one in her garden some day. Remember, Mom, when I brought you your wild rose from the canyon?"

"Indeed, I do, Ernest, and I've enjoyed my home garden wild roses each spring since. You were such an eager little boy then. And I'm glad you are still eager even though you tower above me."

Ronny whispered to Ernest who

quickly replied, "No, I'm not forgetting. I shall do so now."

He took the second box from the car, placed it in front of his mother and said, "Ronny and I thought you might like a corsage, too. We brought you this little cedar. I haven't disturbed the roots, so it should go right on growing. We couldn't leave out our best girl, could we, Ronny?"

Ronny felt big and important to be included with Ernest in the giving of the tiny tree, and stood a little taller and straighter as his mother kissed them both.

"I'm sure it will grow, you darlings, and what a lovely memory will be entwined in its branches as they reach outward and upward! Carry it to the back of the house in the shade. Father will plant it while you get cleaned up ready to go, and I finish with dinner."

"Mother, do you feel as unsettled as I do?" Ruth asked. "I simply cannot settle down to anything. I'll be glad when we get Ernest off and on his way to Doris. He will like her parents, mother, and her brothers and sisters. There are eight of them, all younger than Doris. They're real people." Ruth and her mother were sitting on the front porch after dinner waiting to see Ernest off.

"Did you spill the cologne on you?" Ruth cried in mock alarm as Ernest came out of the house. "Doesn't he look handsome and clean and good, Mother?"

"And very much in earnest!" said Grandpa coming out to watch his grandson leave.

"That's right, Grandpa, an earnest Ernest!" Wonder and admiration were in Ronny's voice.

"Don't drive too fast, son." It was Father who spoke as he joined the waiting group.

"Dad simply has to give that bit of advice, Ernest." Ruth turned to her father and planted a light kiss on his cheek.

"Well, I guess I'm all ready at last. Do I look all right? Wish me luck, all of you." Ernest went to his mother, bent and kissed her gently on her forehead, and said, "Wish me the best, for I think I'm going to like Doris very, very much. You like her too, don't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I do. Someday I may tell you a little secret. Remember I'm proud of you."

ERNEST waved at them as he drove away. His family stood by the gate in silence for a few long moments, then walked to the porch and sat down still silent, for already a great vacancy seemed to be felt within their hearts.

It was Ronny who interrupted the quietness with a low whistle as he said, "I better feed my rabbits. I forgot all about them helping get Ernest off." He left quickly.

"I think I'll go in and write to Sis and tell her every little detail."

"You do that, Ruth. You have a way with letters, my dear. I can just see Bill and my four little grandsons smiling as Beth reads it to them."

After she had gone, Sarah said, "Come, Grandpa, you've worked pretty hard this morning. You better take your afternoon rest a little early, hadn't you?" Sarah spoke softly.

"I believe I will. All of a sudden I feel a bit tired."

"I hope you didn't overdo, Father." His son's voice held concern.

"I hardly think I have. A little extra rest will make me good as new. Anyway I enjoyed it, and *it was all for the good of the family.* Doris is a splendid young woman, a fine addition to a good family."

"Tell me the secret you will tell Ernest, Sarah. That is if you don't mind." Grandpa had gone in and Sarah and Thomas were alone.

"Of course I'll tell you. It was over a year ago, when Doris first came home with Ruth for a week end. She helped so much and proved to be so sweet in every way that when she told me goodbye, I could not resist saying, 'You're the kind of girl I hope to have for a daughter-in-law someday!' "

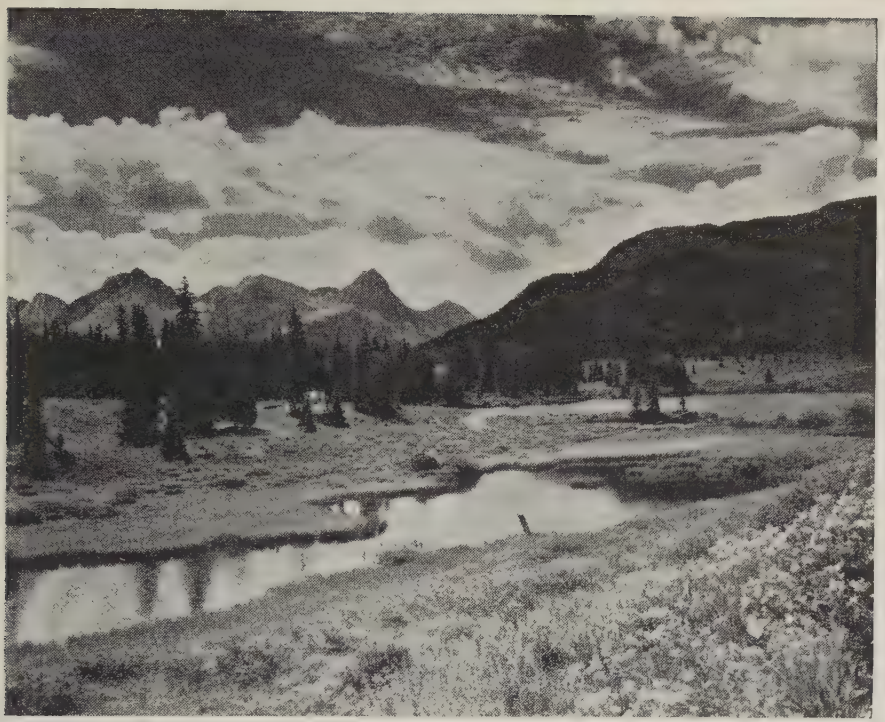
"That Thy Days May Be Long"

Ouida Johns Pedersen

I think of father voicing family prayer
From childhood days, when, chin upon the chair,
I knelt. Petitioning in time, for us, became
Jacob's ladders reaching to God's name,
Testaments of light. Bibles of spark,
To kindle our own fires against the dark.

How humbly he used the Priesthood's power;
When we were ill, he gently brought to flower
Our budding faith, to us made clear
Each sacred ordinance; made us revere
Doctrines of worship, covenants of truth,
The iron rod to guide us in our youth.

When settling his tithes, he often said,
"The body needs to buy the spirit bread.
The Lord has given us a chance to give
In gratitude." Oh, may I ever live
That scriptures of service, records of joy, my song,
Shall honor him. May both our days be long!



Don Knight

NEEDLE MOUNTAINS NEAR SILVERTON, COLORADO

Wayside Path

Della Adams Leitner

I took a little wayside path
Not knowing where it led—
Into the woods and by a brook
That rippled as it sped
Singing so merrily, and then
I crossed a bridge and found
An open space where cattle grazed—
Wild flowers all around.

A peaceful calm was in the air,
The sky with white clouds piled
Above the far horizon's rim;
It seemed that nature smiled.
Here, leaving doubts and cares behind,
I gained an aftermath
Of peace when from the old worn road
I took a wayside path.

Around the World at Eighty

Etta B. Cowles

I had been married fifty years to my childhood sweetheart. We had more good than bad times while struggling for a living and an education. He was ambitious to become an educator. Not through high school at twenty-four, when we were married, twenty years elapsed before he received a Ph.D. He taught grade school, high school; became a university professor, and dean, and then a university president. At seventy years, he became very ill, and lived only six more years.

After living alone for awhile, I became restless. I wanted to go places and see things. We had already been to Europe, Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, and all over the United States, but when I inquired of steamship companies and tour agencies, they told me they wouldn't accept a lone woman over seventy.

Last January I was looking over a teachers' magazine, and found three world tours. I sent a post card — just for fun; they sent me an application blank, which I filled out, with little hope of hearing from it, because I told them I was in my eightieth year. We corresponded. I obtained eleven shots, and material for passport and visas.

In June, I received my ticket to go around the world! Then I told my five children. Excitement prevailed. "You cannot go, Mother; you can't stand the trip, physically or mentally — No, No, NO!"

On the Fourth of July, 1959, I boarded a plane alone after midnight; didn't get off the plane until New York; took a taxi to the hotel to meet the group of teachers. I was the first to arrive; in the afternoon the others came, one at a time, from all over the United States. Three men with wives, eighteen widows and maiden ladies — teachers and supervisors from universities, high schools, elementary schools; all excited. For many, it was their first trip abroad. They were of all ages, had worked long and hard, and saved for years to take this tour. I was twenty years older than any of them. I kept up, saw everything, was not ill a minute for the next two months.

Next morning we left by plane for Portugal. Lisbon is one of the pleasantest cities in Europe, with fine hotels, broad streets, flowers and green trees — just like a colored post card.

We were thrilled to go to Spain and Madrid. I met a beautiful Spanish lady, a friend of my son, at the airport. She gave me flowers and took me for a ride through the city. A land of bull fights, colored skies, water brilliant blue; broad, four-story houses, wide streets, flowers everywhere! Art galleries, museum treasures, courtesy everywhere.

Then on to Rome. A thrill to see where the modern world had its roots — the Colosseum, the Vatican, the catacombs, Saint Peter's basilica. Just riding through the city and around the Appian Way was very romantic. I met my youngest son at the airport, the one in the Foreign Service.

Athens, Greece, brought back my

school days. Greece of antiquity, the birthplace of the mythical gods; land of legend and beauty which inspired art and philosophy. I rode a bus to the south of Greece, walked to the top of the hill to see the fabulous Parthenon like a crown on the rocky hill of the Acropolis. Walked in the ancient theatre of Epidaurus, fourth century B.C., which is still being used. We saw Corinth where, it is said, St. Paul wrote his Epistles; and many museums — one having the famous "Winged Victory."

THEN a jet plane to Istanbul. There I met my oldest son who is United States Minister to Turkey. It was a real thrill to visit the Constantinople of our geography days, with my boy. We saw the Aya Sofia, a thousand years older than St. Peter's, one of the seven wonders of the world; the Sultan's harem, where he kept his many wives and a thousand virgins, his many jewels, crowns, and clothes. (Harems were done away with in 1927.) We saw the Blue Mosque (there are four hundred mosques in Istanbul) and rode on the Black Sea, and looked over the wall at Russia.

The most important part of my trip was spent in Jerusalem and the Holy Land. When the itinerary I received in Salt Lake City showed we would be flying over Jerusalem to Cairo, I wrote to Washington, and they said they would make arrangements for a stop at Jerusalem. In Istanbul I found I was to go alone. No one else had made plans for Jerusalem. I told the manager not to tell my son; but someone found out, and told me not to go alone. My son heard her. "No, Mother, no."

I left alone in pitch darkness on a ten-passenger plane for Beirut, Lebanon. The moon was bright when I reached Beirut. A handsome young man met me, called my name, helped me under the ropes to the Customs to read my passport and visa. The guide and taxi driver took me to a fine hotel on the Mediterranean Sea. I registered. My room with a balcony overlooked the garden and the sea. I could distinguish the color of the flowers. I couldn't lock the door, so I pushed furniture against it, and I slept fine.

At nine A.M., my guide and the taxi driver took me to a plane. It was a smaller plane and didn't fly very high. My excitement was great. It was an hour's ride to Jerusalem and the day was very bright and hot. I saw the River Jordan, with its green banks, and, in the distance, the Dead Sea. Oh, oh! There was Jerusalem! White rocks, tan hills, and old, old stone houses with little windows. No grass, flowers, trees — no streams of water. My guide was an Arab, a Moslem. He spoke good English, having attended the University of Jerusalem. The only book I took on this tour was the New Testament. I had read it carefully on the planes. Zacharias, my guide, knew it better than I did. He didn't think Jesus was divine — but a great teacher.

I walked where Jesus walked, over the rocks and the sand.

Our first stop was Bethlehem. Bethlehem! We walked to an ancient cave similar to the one where Jesus was born; we walked around the Mount of Olives. There was an old, old olive tree (3,000 B.C.) in the center of a fenced gar-

den. The grass was gray-green bunch grass; it never grows long enough to cut. We rode and rode, visited the university, saw where and how the rich and poor live, then to the hotel for a rest and lunch. The hotel had been an old monastery once, now it was a cool tourist retreat. Twenty white marble steps led to my room. There was a very deep window, a jar of cool boiled water. The private bathroom was up ten more white marble steps. Signs in English: "Do not use much water — No baths till tomorrow. We get water only every other day." A delicious lunch and a nap, and I was ready to go again.

MY private taxi took me to Bethany where Mary and Martha lived; to Jericho, oldest walled city in the world; Hebron where Abraham is buried. I waded in the Dead Sea, tasted the water. It was briny as Great Salt Lake. I rested on the bank of the Jordan River and was asked by a priest if I wanted to be baptized. I visited Elisha's Well, where scarfed women came to get their water in huge jars they carried on their heads. I tried to lift one, but couldn't.

Back to the hotel, and dinner with guests from all over the world. Many spoke English. There were many books to read, beautiful souvenir antique furniture, Oriental rugs, crystal chandeliers. A pleasant evening. Next morning I found the beautiful garden situated in the center of the building, with balcony and rooms all around.

I left with the driver and guide to see Old Jerusalem, with its forty-foot wall forming a quadrangle. Most of the holy places are in the Old Jerusalem. I saw the temple in the Moslem quarters. The Dome of the Rock is a mosque erected on the ancient site of the temple of Solomon; saw the Wailing Wall, a remnant of Herod's temple, and the Tower of David. We walked uphill where Jesus carried the cross; from the Court of Pilate to the Garden of Gethsemane, marked with fourteen stations where it is said he rested. This narrow street was filled with peasants trying to sell everything.

Of most importance was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is a collection of chapels housing the tomb in which it is alleged Christ was laid to rest after the crucifixion, the most venerated shrine in Christendom. I prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane where Jesus spent his last hours, saw a large, flat rock where it is claimed Jesus was laid after death. It is now covered with glass. People kneel around it and pray. I saw the grove of trees on the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem, where Jesus ascended to heaven, and saw the tomb of the virgin Mary, mother of Jesus. Many churches or chapels comprise the Church of the Holy Sepulchre — Russian Orthodox, Christian, Catholic, Moslem, Greek Orthodox, Armenian, and many others, all filled with altars, shrines, paintings, stained glass windows, beautiful furniture.

We looked over the fence to the Israel side. About ten miles south of Jerusalem, we visited the Church of the Nativity of Christ, Shepherds' Fields, Fields of Boaz, and the supposed well where Jesus talked to the woman of Samaria.

The next morning I was taken to

the airport and left to hunt for the plane going to Cairo. It was the first time I felt left out. But I met two Arab girls who were speaking English, and going to Cairo, so I joined them.

I met my tour people again at Cairo. At the hotel, servants and waiters were dressed in long green and gold robes. Flowers were everywhere in the dining room and in our private rooms; Egyptian paintings and Oriental rugs were everywhere. We visited a museum, everything dated B.C. We saw Pharaoh's home. He died at the age of ninety-seven, leaving 111 sons and sixty-seven daughters.

We saw the oldest mosque in the world — 3,000 B.C. We saw a king in his solid gold casket, and a painting of some geese of 400 B.C. It had perfect coloring. The most important cave was King Tut's home — five rooms in the tomb. (This was discovered in 1923.) Each room fit into another, like a box — all of solid gold, with plenty of precious stones. King Tut's life history is written on each wall of the rooms. There are 240 pounds of solid gold in the casket of the last room, or box. We saw the largest mosque in the world (there are 500 in Cairo) and peasants sleep all night on the floor. They wash their feet before kneeling on the Persian rugs to pray.

We rode to the markets and saw food spread on the ground. Many children were in rags. The women wore long black dresses and black scarves on their heads.

We drove to the university of 20,000 students, then on to the pyramids, and we saw the Sphinx at Giza. We walked on the Sahara Desert, down into a cave to see the sacred Golden Cow. It was a pleasant trip riding by the Nile — a fairyland! Trees, flowers, fields of food, and fruit trees everywhere. Children were clean and well-cared for. There were hundreds of white cattle used for agriculture, and many water buffalo wallowing in the streams and canals.

WE flew on to Bombay, the gateway to India, one of England's favorite haunts and resorts, and rode buses to see the countryside and the Prince of Wales Museum.

Then on to Delhi, India. We spent many days in and around this old and new city. We rode in taxis through the northern part of India. This is part of what we saw: a monsoon cloudburst — it was like riding in a canal; monkeys in their natural habitat, swinging in the trees; elephants roving through the woods. (We stayed in the cars.) There were herds of camels, some used to plow with, many peacocks, storks, pheasants, and red-headed birds, boar pigs, ugly and dirty, palaces, castles, and ruins of old churches. We saw hundreds of mosques used by the Moslems, the Taj Mahal of white marble, still the most beautiful building in the world, built in 1639 — it took fifteen years to build, with 20,000 slaves. This was built by a king for his beautiful queen. We saw homes of the rich and poor — extreme elegance, extreme destitution, little girls and boys wearing nothing but cheesecloth pants. The girls had long hair, wore rings in their noses, and on fingers and toes. They didn't play — just begged for food.

They slept on the ground with pigs and other animals. They marry at nine and carry their naked babies on their hips.

We visited schools. Only the rich can go. When India won independence from England, only five per cent of the population could read and write. Now, after ten years, twenty-one per cent can read. We saw men pulling heavy carts with passengers or produce, women carrying water jars, bundles of hay, bundles of wood — even baskets of rocks, gravel, or loads of dry dung on their heads. The men would stand and wait for the gravel. We rode on the Ganges River, saw the worshipers bathe, drink, pray, and bury their dead in the river.

We experienced a real fairy story, slept and ate three meals in a castle. A real prince coming home from America on the plane fell in love with one of our teachers. He wanted her to stay with him and enjoy the fabulous wealth, so he invited all of us to be his guests. Space is too short to describe the grandeur in which he lived.

WE flew on to Calcutta, visited schools, saw a dance review with the girls wearing beautiful saris. We visited chapels and temples, the Hindu Gold Temple, with 18,000 pounds of pure gold in the dome. People were leaving food and flowers for their dead king. We saw a statue of Queen Victoria. The countryside verdure was enjoyable.

We rode on to Bangkok, Thailand, a prosperous country, beautiful and clean. The people had a Chinese look. I saw my son in Thailand. Besides many temples and palaces, one of the sights is the Reclining Buddha; the Thieves' Market, and the floating market are interesting.

Singapore is a British city, a symbol of the color and romance found in the East, and has British culture. The Malay section of the city has good schools, and the children are clean. The girls wear white blouses and blue skirts; the boys, blue pants; good frame houses have tin roofs. We saw the rubber trees and the refining process, and hated to leave.

We left on a Pan-American plane for Manila, after being fumigated and questioned by the doctors. The teachers of Manila met us at the hotel; we were their guests at breakfast, a reception, and a dance review at the university. We saw the War Cemetery and saw the dungeons where our boys were placed during the war, also Corregidor. We visited the President's palace — with its magnificent furnishings, and saw the grandeur of the homes of the rich. We saw an old chapel with a bamboo organ upon which a young man played "Ave Maria." In the country we saw rice paddies, banana groves, papaya and mango trees, and pineapple fields. There was prosperity and poverty.

We rode on a Japanese airliner to Hong Kong, which had dainty flowers and food. Hot washcloths and slippers made us comfortable. We were surprised at the high mountains in Hong Kong. It seemed there were too many people, mothers carrying babies on their backs. I met Panzy Wu, a beautiful Chinese lady, a friend of one of my sons. She took me to lunch and shopping. One must know where to shop in these countries. We saw the homes of the very rich and of the Chinese refugees clinging to the

sides of the mountains. When the monsoons come, many of their houses or sheds are washed away. We rode around the countryside on buses and boats, and had dinner on a floating restaurant.

WHAT shall I write of Japan, my favorite country of all I have seen? Its people are ambitious, clean, frugal, and prosperous — everything is beautiful and dainty, with flowers in our rooms, in public buses. A walk around Tokyo is a sight-seeing tour by itself. We saw the Imperial Palace, the universities on University Street. The students walk in the middle of the street, hurrying, dressed alike, in clean white blouses, black skirts or black trousers. They must study hard. The big university has 30,000 students with an "A" grade requirement to enter. Other universities on the same street require only "B" averages.

We rode in the country, saw Mt. Fuji, many temples and Buddhas, including the Great Buddha, fifty-three feet high. We lodged near the Tokyo Tower, higher than the Eiffel Tower in France, and ate dinner with the Tokyo teachers. We all sat on the floor; the waitresses dropped to their knees to serve us easily.

I met a niece in Honolulu. She is working to assist her husband through the Church College of Hawaii. We rode around the Island, swam in the ocean, and enjoyed the different foods, plus a hukilau.

I met my daughter in San Francisco, and a son in Salt Lake City. My trip around the world was over.

Great or Small

Hazel Loomis

Man, great man,
Subduer of the earth!
The blade you wrought—a mountain now is gone,
A river's course is changed.
You give us comfort, ease our pain,
Enhance our vision to outer space.
Space rockets out!
Great man explore!

And yet . . .
You cannot make a blade of grass,
A grain of wheat.
You cannot change the circuit of the wind
Or cause the desert's blossoming.
You cannot give the heart
A greater ecstasy — a soul reborn.
Man, great man, alone,
Is small. Is small!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY — ONE HUNDRED YEARS: The first day of June of this present year marked the century hour of the birth of Brigham Young, the founder of Utah, the great pioneer, colonizer and organizer, and for forty-three years president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Brigham Young was one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century, perhaps the greatest except Joseph Smith, certainly so considered by the people among whom almost his entire life was spent. His was a master-spirit, and a mind quick to grasp and settle — great and grave questions. . . . He had a wonderful faculty of controlling and of guiding people of all classes and nationalities. . . . And as time rolls on more and more will the people of the world be willing to acknowledge his good works, his deeds of valor . . . his greatness of soul.

—Editorial

A FAITHFUL WOMAN: June 14, 1869, the Relief Society of this ward (Fairview, Utah) was organized and Sister Mary A. Pritchett was chosen its president, which responsible position she has held with dignity and pride up to the day of her decease, February 27, 1901. . . . As we review in mind her life work we wonder if there are many who ever with so scanty opportunity performed so many blessed deeds of charity and benevolence. She was ever at the bedside of the sick; her motherly counsel was never sought in vain by man, woman or child; the needy were never refused assistance when they applied to her, and were usually supplied with employment — the best of help to the poor. Her spinning and weaving never pressed her so hard that she had not time to attend to her religious duties. . . .

—Euphrasia Day, Sec.

We need not wealth nor splendor,
Wide hall nor lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender —
These form the wealth of home.

—Selected

DOMESTIC LIFE AND THE PROFESSIONS: True, it might well be said, that the proper order of things should be for the father to be the bread-winner, and the mother the home-maker; for the ideal home is consecrated by both paternal and maternal love, and its sweetest music the prattle of little children. But inscrutable are life's experiences! Oftentimes woman must meet the exigencies of the case alone and unaided, she must do and dare, lift the burden and look to heaven for strength and light and wisdom. The true womanly woman will make the best wife and mother, whate'er may be her vocation.

—Ellis R. Shipp

RELIEF SOCIETY IN ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA): The semi-annual conference of the Relief Society of St. Joseph Stake met in the Pima meeting house, Friday, May 17, 1901 . . . President Elizabeth Layton presiding. Present on the stand were Elder L. John Nuttall and President Emma S. Woodruff of Salt Lake City. . . . Sister Woodruff said she found the saints here about as they are in the north. . . . Urged the sisters to subscribe for the *Exponent*. Advised mothers to look after their children and train their daughters to do all kinds of work. . . .

—Martha Scadden, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. GEORGIA O'KEEFE STIEGLITZ, recognized by many critics as the most eminent of women painters in the United States, exhibited a large collection of her paintings recently at the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum. Praised for her "totally personal and inimitable work," Mrs. Stieglitz has been called "a superb and unerring craftsman," who, at the age of seventy-two, continues to grow in technical mastery and emotional depth. Born in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, Mrs. Stieglitz now lives in a century-old adobe house in Abiquiu, New Mexico.

MRS. WALLACE F. (FRANCES) BENNETT, wife of Utah's senior Senator, is the president of the Congressional Club in Washington, D. C., which includes wives of all Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet Members and Justices of the Supreme Court. The wives of the President and Vice-President of the United States are honorary members. These women are active in Red Cross and other humanitarian work, and, with many distinguished speakers appearing on the programs at their meetings, they strive to further international as well as national friendship and understanding. Mrs. Bennett is the daughter of the late President Heber J. Grant and Emily Wells Grant, and is active in Relief Society and other Latter-day Saint Church activities in Washington.

DORA S. LEWIS, eminent author and a professor and chairman of the home economics department at Hunter College, New York, in answer to the question, "What should a girl learn in order to be a good homemaker?" gave the following list of accomplishments: skill in human relationships; clear, integrated thinking; grasp of community and world economic problems; capacity to teach democracy in the home; and efficiency in home management.

MRS. TAVIAN LINCOLN, a Ute Indian, living at Whiterocks, on the Uintah Indian Reservation, Utah, is now 113 years old, one of the oldest women in the United States. She is a renowned horsewoman, and with her sisters has made many trips into Colorado. She remembers seeing the one small cabin which was the beginning of the city of Denver. She saw the first Latter-day Saint settlers enter the Uintah Basin, when the site of the town of Roosevelt was a rendezvous for wild horses. Mrs. Lincoln still chops her own wood and cooks her own food.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 JUNE 1961 NO. 6

The 131st Annual Church Conference

THE 131st Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 6, 8, and 9, 1961. This conference time, our beloved President David O. McKay marked his tenth anniversary as President of the Church. He conducted all the general sessions, and was assisted during the entire conference by President Henry D. Moyle. President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. attended the Thursday morning session, but was advised by his physician to remain at home on Saturday and Sunday. The wise counsel and inspiring testimony of President Clark were greatly missed, and the love and appreciation of the membership of the Church were extended to him as a revered leader in Zion. All of the General Authorities, except President Clark and five others, addressed the saints assembled. Elder George Q. Morris and Elder Levi Edgar Young were excused from speaking on account of the condition of their health; Elder Hugh B. Brown was in South Africa, Elder Alvin R. Dyer, in Europe, and Elder A. Theodore Tuttle was in South America.

More radio and television stations than ever before participated in broadcasting the conference messages to an estimated audience in excess of one million. Uplifting music contributed greatly to the spirituality of all the sessions.

The conference was a dedicated and sincere rejoicing in the principles and blessings of the restored gospel, and an earnest and heartfelt appeal for the saints to live fully all of the requirements of the Church. All members were urged to share their convictions and their testimonies with others through the far-reaching missionary system, and by daily living revealing the privileges and fulfillments of the gospel message.

IN his opening address, President McKay rejoiced in the interest and activity, in the devotion and faithfulness, of the youth of the Church, and their willing and enthusiastic response to calls to service.

> If the question were asked this morning, "In what respect during the last year has the Church made the most commendable progress?" . . . I would answer that the most encouraging progress of the Church during the last year is seen in the increased numbers of young people participating in Church activity. We hear much about the delinquency and incorrigibility of youth. I desire to say a word . . . about their corrigibility, as we have seen it in visiting the different parts of the Church. . . .
>
> But I know and you know that mere attendance at Church, and other acts of piety, signify little if the person does not conform his acts and his speech to the principles of the gospel . . . increased par-

ticipation in Church activity indicates a desire to be a partaker of spirituality, the highest acquisition of the soul, and young people desire it. . . .

Heaven guide you, our youth, wherever you are. As long as you will keep yourselves pure and spotless, and prayerfully and honestly keep close to your Father in heaven, his spirit will guide you, magnify you in your youth, and make you a power on the earth for good.

IN a fervent and inspired appeal for the saints to continue their efforts and their faithful adherence to the missionary program of the Church, President Henry D. Moyle urged the saints to verify in their own lives the necessity for sharing the gospel with the brotherhood of men upon the earth, declaring "We are the Lord's as are all our fellow men. This makes us all brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of God. . . ."

In the lives of those of us who are the recipients of his great blessings, our duty is well understood, and we do not shirk it. Herein lies the reason for, and the foundation of all of our great missionary work, both at home and abroad. Having received a knowledge of the restoration of the gospel, we are impelled by a power far greater than any earthly power or earthly influence to teach the gospel to others that they might enjoy the fulness of life in full fellowship with our Father in heaven, and in communion with us. . . .

Inasmuch as the fulness of times has now been revealed to man, we have all that has gone before in former dispensations of time to now present to men. . . . Therefore the revelations of God to man through his prophets in the past . . . are of immediate importance and application in our lives today. . . . The revelations of the past and the present reveal God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son to those who will read with a will to understand. God's laws are eternal. Our relationship to God is both unchanging and everlasting.

In his closing address, President McKay left a prophet's blessing and a seer's spiritual admonition with the saints:

And now, brethren and sisters, in summary, let me emphasize that the noblest aim in life is to strive to make other lives better and happier. The most worthy calling in life is that in which man serves best his fellow man. . . .

With all the power that we possess, we bless you, members of the Church of Jesus Christ. May the power and the inspiration that have characterized this great conference . . . go to every corner of the earth where there is a branch or where a family lives, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Inland Gulls

Maude Rubin

Now on this wild and sea-rocked night,
With eyelids shuttered tight,
I see a mountain ranch, silk tide of grass,
A billowing meadow of timothy—
Green sea
Gilded with summer. There lazy shadows pass
And repass, as the gulls
In windless lulls
Glide summer-free
High overhead, wings motionless. . . .
No stress
Of ocean wind mars their serenity.

Mama's Bookshelf

Helen Hinckley Jones

WHETHER you have a house so full of books that they have overflowed the bookcases and are stacked on every available surface in the house, or a home in which the library consists of a half-dozen carefully chosen volumes and a mail order catalogue, you and your family will be happier if Mama has a special bookshelf.

When I was little and grew tired of my own books I would ask my mother to read aloud to me. "Read a book from your shelf," I would beg. Then when I had washed my hands and brushed my hair, I was allowed to take a book from Mama's shelf and bring it to her. Most often it was her copy of Longfellow's poems which, because its binding was a lovely, soft, cream-colored leather, was kept in its own flowered box. I loved to open the box, lift the sheet of crackling transparent paper, and run my fingers over the hand-painted flowers on the cover. But I liked even better mother's reading of the poems. Usually she read the shorter poems, but, often, I would beg for one of the long narrative poems and, if I could round up another of my sisters, Mama would consent to lose an afternoon to Miles Standish or Evangeline.

Sometimes, instead of Longfellow, I would select one of the English poets, all done up in padded leather of maroon or blue, with fourteen karat gold edges. Tennyson was my favorite then, and I loved to sit on the floor, my hands locked under my knees, my head against Mama's skirts, and listen again to "Enoch Arden."

> He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said:
> "Woman, I have a secret — only swear
> Before I tell you — swear upon the book
> Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."

The tears would roll off my cheeks and drop onto my pinafore, because I knew that Enoch meant what he said—every word of it.

Papa had books, too. The most favored ones were tremendous volumes filled with pictures from the Bible. (I closed my eyes as he turned past "The Sacrifice of the Innocents.") He also had a book which he had made himself when he was in college—a captivating book filled with dried leaves and flowers and grasses of every kind.

There were many other books, of course, since my parents were reading people. We each had books of our own. But it is Mama's Bookshelf that I remember as the strongest influence I felt toward acquiring a library of my own.

IN my home I have shelves loaded with books: history, literature, science, fiction, biography. The very number, I think, has kept my books from meaning as much to my children as Mama's shelf meant to me.

Now that it is almost too late, I have started a special collection of books that are dearly loved and often read. I call it *Mama's Bookshelf*. I have The Doctrine and Covenants and The Book of Mormon taken from their usual place beside other works of the Church.

Then there is a New Testament in large print standing next to Brother Bennion's *Teachings*, and four other reference books for the study of the New Testament. I have a volume of Washington Irving, four of the *Leather Stocking Tales*, and *The American Democrat* by Cooper, *The Portable Emerson* and the Great Masterpiece edition of Hawthorne, which includes *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables* and selected stories from *Twice-Told Tales*. For reference, I have Brooks, *The Flowering of New England*, Hart and Gohdes *America's Literature*, and Warfel, Gabriel, and Williams, *The American Mind*. My *Relief Society Magazines* are on the shelf, too, always in place and ready to my hand.

It is understood that the shelf, itself, is strictly "hands off." There is room for more books on the shelf, and there are stacks of books all over the house that need shelf space; but odd volumes must not clutter up this shelf. As for the books—anyone who will put them back in place may borrow them and enjoy them.

In a locality where the idea of *Mama's Bookshelf* was introduced, it has been noted that already this small beginning has been felt in the homes. Husbands are taking an interest and listening to excerpts from the books their wives are reading. Children are hearing adult conversation about ideas rather than personalities and troublesome problems. One sister reported that her grandchildren had added books related to the course in American literature to her shelf.

On my own shelf the books are not beautifully bound as my mother's were. Many of them are paper-back, others are secondhand or cheap editions. But they are wonderful books, books that bring me the association with great men. The books are mine and I love them. But I am not selfish about them. Books are to be enjoyed, shared, lived with.

ALL of us hunger for conversation with the well-informed, the deeply spiritual, the witty, the prophetic. To many of us wide association in our daily lives is not possible. Any mother of little children must live a large part of her life in the world of childhood. This is an opportunity and she appreciates it; but it does not take the place of being intellectually stimulated, emotionally stirred, moved to depths of thought and *contemplation* that come from living in a truly adult world. *Mama's Bookshelf*, especially if it is shared with husband and with children as they grow older, will help to satisfy this hunger.

Let *Mama's Bookshelf* take a place in your home. Try reading aloud to even your tiny children the things that you, yourself, love.

Now that my mother has died, I have her bookshelf. All of the volumes are duplicates of my own well-studied texts; but I wouldn't part with one of them. As I look at them a warm feeling comes over me, and I see myself, a little girl with paper-curled hair, standing on tiptoe to take Longfellow from the shelf. I run my hand over the spray of flowers painted on the soft leather cover, then, oh, so carefully I turn to the story of *Hiawatha* and settle myself at my mother's knee.

Cook-Your-Own Barbecue

(For Back Yard or Canyon)

Ruby K. Smith

MENU

Choice of Meats

Frankfurters — Vienna Sausage — (for open-fire roasting)
Hamburger Patties — Steaks — Chops — Ham (for frying pan or grill)

Barbecue Sauce

(Catsup, Chili Sauce, Mustard, or your own make)
Hot-Dog or Hamburger Rolls or Chunks of French Bread
Pickles or Olives
Salad Vegetables
(Lettuce, Carrot and Celery Sticks, Radishes, or Coleslaw)
Hot Baked Beans
Easy Raisin Cake or Cereal Flake Cookies
Lemonade

Franks or Wieners
(Use a long-handled fork or skewer — or a long stick sharpened to point at one end)

Cook over red-hot coals until well done. Slice lengthwise and add barbecue sauce. Serve in hot-dog rolls, which have been split, toasted, and buttered.

Variations:

1. Garnish frank with pickle and pimiento.
2. Add relish to baked beans and pile in sliced frank.
3. Stuff hot frank with coleslaw.

Hamburger Patties

2 lbs. ground beef
3 tbsp. grated onion
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 slightly beaten egg

Mix well and shape into patties. Refrigerate until needed. Grill on both sides. Serve with barbecue sauce in hot, buttered hamburger roll.

Variations:

1. Potato Burgers — Add grated raw potatoes to pattie mixture.
2. Bacon Burgers — Wrap slice of bacon around each pattie, and secure with toothpick.
3. Pineapple Burgers — After turning pattie on grill, press pineapple chunk in top.

Barbecue Sauce

2 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 small onions, sliced
2 tbsp. brown sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
⅓ c. chili sauce
2 tbsp. vinegar
½ c. tomato juice

Combine all ingredients in small saucepan. Cook over low heat until onions are cooked and flavors are blended (about 15 minutes). Refrigerate in covered container until needed.

Baked Beans

2 c. navy beans
4 c. water
1 tsp. salt
½ lb. fat pork or bacon
½ c. brown sugar
2 tbsp. molasses

Wash and sort beans, cover with water, and soak over night. Cook slowly until tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Place beans and pork in alternate layers in beanpot. Add bean liquid and remaining ingredients. Cover and bake in slow oven. Add more liquid if necessary. One c. tomato juice may be used for part of liquid.

(To keep beans hot for canyon party, wrap bean pot in several layers of newspaper.)

Easy Raisin Cake

½ c. brown sugar
⅓ c. shortening
1 c. raisins
1½ c. water
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. whole-wheat flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder

Sift flour, soda, and baking powder together. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan and boil together 5 minutes. Cool. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into square pan which has been lined with waxed paper and greased. Bake 45 to 60 minutes at 350° F.

Cereal Flake Cookies

(Use any kind of ready-to-eat flakes—corn, wheat, bran, etc.)

1 c. flour
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ c. butter or margarine
½ c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 egg
3 c. cereal flakes

Measure and sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar, add egg and vanilla, and beat well. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and 1 cup cereal flakes. Drop teaspoons of dough into remaining flakes, rolling to coat, place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375° F. until lightly browned (about 10 minutes). Makes about 40 two-inch cookies.

Lemonade

3 c. sugar-syrup
2 c. lemon juice
10 c. water or
2 c. water and 2 trays ice cubes

Prepare sugar-syrup ahead of time by combining equal parts of sugar and water in a saucepan and heating until sugar is dissolved. Cool before using.

Mix lemonade in a punch bowl for back-yard barbecue. For canyon party, use a large thermos jug.

(For pink lemonade, add 1 cup red fruit juice or punch.)

Now Is the Time

Leona Fetzer Wintch

YOU may smile when I tell you that though I have three teen-agers and an eight-year-old still at home, I am preparing for old age now. The highest achievement is to help my children become fine individuals, but the "letting go" process is already underway. One by one, they will soon leave home to go away to school.

Now is the time to take the responsibility we all have, to look the future in the face and prepare for it. If we do so early, we will have a better chance of finding new and wonderful abilities before the declining years are here. To begin too many things willy-nilly would bring mental bankruptcy with all its frustrations. So we should try now to explore a few genuine interests that hold possibilities of success. These interests should be meaningful, associated with previous experiences or work we have always done.

Let me tell you about a few projects I would like to develop when there is time. You will never be satisfied until similar work you have had in mind is accomplished.

There is real excitement in anticipating painting in oils. But, since I am not a Grandma Moses, I shall first have to send up a trial balloon in the form of water colors and sketching. I read the book *How to Sketch* and began making impressions on the drawing pad. For years I have wanted to make wood prints and, in preparation for more leisurely hours, I made several linoleum blocks which were used to print our Christmas cards. To make a wood block at seventy with no previous experience would be discouraging and might be so unsuccessful that the project would likely be abandoned forever.

While putting breakfast on the table this morning, I caught a glimpse of a blue jay. There was no time to see if it had a white petticoat, or just where it fit into its family. But it made me anxious to read our bird-watching book, use field glasses to observe these wonderful creatures, and take close-up pictures, using a telephoto lens. Pictures — this is another wonderful adventure in skill. I'll never be professional but, with a little equipment and much patience, I can come a little close. The recording of intriguing moments of family life and familiar scenes provides many pleasures of reflection, but it must be started now.

Another unfulfilled desire is to sculpture, so, with just my fingers and some clay, I molded a bowl, some vases, a family crest, and some birds. When the declining years percolate up to me with a gift of time, I would like to sculpture my husband's fine head now that successful preliminaries have been made.

Because of a chronic illness, I am striving to build a stronger body with the help of moderate exercise. For a year I have been climbing the foothills and ridges looking for pottery shards, skin scrapers, and projectile points left by the Indians. This fascinating occupation is healthful and restful. I shall keep

walking among the hills "from whence cometh my help," in search of treasures and peace of the soul, breathing the bracing air and marveling at the creations of the Lord. A beginning is all I have made, yet I know I shall welcome the years that add to such joys as these.

A family "Book of Remembrance" will be as interesting and tradition-making to my great-great-grandchildren in the year 2061 as the pioneer journals are to us. But not many persons can write accurate and interesting histories when they are seventy-five. Family records should be begun early, to be continued and embellished later.

There is a part of living that can never be laid aside — the memory must be strengthened and the mind enriched. To maintain intellectual vigor means continuous study, contemplation, and discussion. Building on knowledge and sharing wisdom are the only antidotes to, "She died at fifty but wasn't buried until she was seventy-five." We die when we do not grow. Relief Society lessons, lectures, adult education classes, short courses, and workshops are available even to those of us who live in the country. Some study that requires persistence and delightful, yet provocative conversations, can help to keep away the film that passing years spread over the life of the mind.

This life of the mind needs intensive and extensive stimulation, a product of being with other people. What is life, if it isn't "people"? Friends are needed more, not less, than before. Nothing is as sad as an aged person who has been forsaken and lives in his prison of separateness. Our insurance against such a predicament is to watch tenderly over loved ones and serve others as long as we have breath. Life's reciprocity laws are real. With God's help, if we do our best and demonstrate concern for our fellow men, nothing can really hurt us, and the declining years can be met confidently.

There are innumerable splendid books to be read and re-read, but few give the comfort we reach for as does the New Testament. In one year I read it seven times and only began to see its possibilities. When this great collection of books is mastered I shall know my Lord better; this will be a beatitude for the benediction years.

Spiritually, mentally, and physically, going to the temple is a blessing to the aged, but there is an advantage if the work is understood and enjoyed when we are young. Being with others who share a common goal moves the walls of any aloneness. In doing this significant work, we give unselfish devotion to peoples of the past, our present days are refreshed and enlightened, and we tie ourselves together for the future. What more satisfying labor could anyone engage in? Perhaps it can be approached by bringing the gospel to those around us, and by the quiet scattering of blessings by the Relief Society visiting teachers.

IN later years, if longing to see the faces of loved ones becomes too absorbing, it would be well to do part-time volunteer work in a hospital, or give compassionate service to the ward's sick under the direction of the Relief Society president. This is a very real need and brings

immeasurable satisfaction. But these services require a "know how" that is best learned in such courses as "Caring for the Sick" classes of Relief Society. Even the desires of the heart to bless and comfort others have early beginnings and must be nurtured.

We can see from the foregoing, that our deepest needs are not purchasable. But wholesome food, good clothing, and a pleasant abode, are important, too. By studies made of retired individuals it has been noted that those who had enough income to feel free to have friends and relatives visit them often, were in turn more frequently invited out. They had a sense of well-being because they ate a greater variety of food, enjoyed better health, and were more active than their contemporaries who had to watch every penny.

Even if an aged person is ill, she should never be deprived of all work or the lust for life will disappear, and she cannot make any contribution to her surroundings. Her status is never negligible, and she can retain a feeling of usefulness if some work and activity are arranged, with rest periods to meet her needs. Giving up everything feeds fears.

For lasting satisfactions, some current pleasures must be sacrificed. If to be happy in the declining years I have to give up some wants now, I will do it; I will conserve my health by eating and exercising wisely; and I will gather a "nest egg" by being frugal because I want my latch to be up when friends and loved ones call. I am aware of the need to cultivate rejuvenating interests and share them, because I want to be a friend and have strong and lasting relationships with others.

Now that I have begun to prepare and plan for old age, I can understand what Browning said when he wrote:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first
> was made.

Whole-Wheat Oatmeal Cookies

Betty Donelson

- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 c. oatmeal
- 6 tbsp. molasses
- ¼ c. hot water
- 2 eggs
- 2 c. brown sugar
- 1 c. soft butter
- ½ c. walnuts (more may be added if desired)
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 c. whole-wheat flour

Cream vanilla, oatmeal, molasses, water, eggs, brown sugar, butter, and nuts. Add sifted flour and soda. Stir until well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Yield: 4 dozen.

Cookie-Jar Dividends

Elsie C. Carroll

I was visiting an elderly friend when our conversation was interrupted by a timid knock on the door. My friend opened the door. Three small boys, each holding two or three rather dilapidated flowers in a grimy little hand, stood in the doorway.

"We brought you some flowers, Grandma," one of them said.

"Thank you, Jerry. Thanks, Kirk and Teddy. Come in while I find a vase to put them in."

They sidled into the room, hesitantly, regarding me with questioning glances.

"It's all right, boys. Come right in. This is my friend Mrs. Blank, whom I haven't seen for a long time."

She went to the kitchen with the flowers and soon returned with them in a pretty china vase which she placed on the mantel in front of the long mirror.

"They're real pretty," she said. "I put an aspirin in the water. They say that will freshen flowers and make them last longer."

"We—we can bring you some more when they get wilted," Jerry promised.

"That will be nice. Lucky I baked cookies this morning. They're chocolate-chip, too, the kind you like best."

She went back into the kitchen and returned in a moment with a plate of cookies.

"There are two for each of you and some for Mrs. Blank. I want her to see if she likes them, too."

Three little hands reached eagerly for the treat.

"Thanks, Grandma. Thanks a lot. They sure are good."

The little fellows turned to the door.

"Goodbye, boys. Come again, won't you?"

"Sure," came a muffled response in unison from three cookie-filled mouths.

"They're darlings," my friend said as she closed the door. "I'll get you a glass of juice to go with your cookies." Again she walked, with a noticeable limp, to the kitchen.

"What is this — this *Grandma* business?" I asked.

She laughed as she set a glass of cold punch beside the cookies on the table near me. "I'm their cookie grandma. They are little neighbors from down the street. They come running to help me with my groceries when they see me limping from the store, and they do many little errands that save my stiff old joints. Of course, it is little boys' liking for cookies that makes them so thoughtful. They're only three and four years old. When there are no errands, and their little tummies are hungry for cookies, they bring me something to see — little favors from a birthday party, a new toy, their puppy which has learned a new trick, or flowers as today. You've no idea how their visits brighten dull days," she went on after a brief pause.

"Yes, I have come to know that a cookie jar yields wonderful dividends — when one is too old or too incapacitated to continue the little kindnesses and courtesies that kept the bonds of friendship and social companionship strong in younger, more active years.

"Well, it truly is just that. I have a list of people in whom I invest, and who furnish my dividends. My grandchildren, for instance. I am not resentful that it is my cookie jar that brings me many more visits from them than if I didn't keep it filled. And there are several shut-in friends who are so much more limited in activity than I, with whom I keep in touch through sending them a box of cookies now and then — special ones — that bring rich dividends — notes and telephone calls, and particularly the satisfaction of knowing that even though we see each other very seldom, our bonds of friendship and love still exist. And there are the new people coming into the neighborhood, and people moving away — a simple recognition of their coming or going, by means of a box of freshly baked cookies, is an easy way of letting them know that they are being welcomed, or saying they would be missed."

When my visit was over and I told my friend goodbye, it was with the avowal that I was going to invest in a cookie jar.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1960

THE end of 1960, the 118th year of Relief Society, marks another glorious year of accomplishment for the women's auxiliary of the Church.

As the reports from 315 stakes and 55 missions of the Church were compiled into the Church-wide report, it was significant to note not only the remarkable growth in the organization during the past year, but also during the past decade from 1950. Relief Society at the end of 1960 had a total membership of 214,202, compared with 126,550 in 1950, an increase of 87,652, or 69%. This affiliation welds into one great sisterhood women of the Church in each of the United States and in fifty-one foreign lands.

The growth of the Society, as with the growth of the Church, is also evidenced through the increase in local organizations. In 1960 there were 4,672 ward and branch Relief Societies throughout the Church as compared with 2,981 in 1950, an increase of 57%. Of the presently existing Societies, 2,881 are in stakes and 1,791 in missions, while in 1950 there were 1,559 Societies in stakes and 1,422 in missions.

Included in this vast number of organizations are large groups of devoted sisters in well-established stakes of the Church; Relief Societies with as few as five or six members in remote areas of the mission fields; Relief Societies functioning on university or college compuses for young women who are just becoming acquainted with the organization; Relief Societies in rest homes for aged sisters, many of whom have given years of their lives in Relief Society service; and Relief Societies for wives of servicemen stationed in foreign lands, whose ties with home and the Church are strengthened through their participation in these English-speaking Societies.

Development through service in positions of leadership in Relief Society was enjoyed by 142,905 women during 1960, compared with 72,444 women in 1950, an increase of 94%. Approximately 49,564 sisters participated in 3,052 ward and branch Singing Mothers choruses, which in many instances were combined into larger stake, district, mission, and even the 500-voice combined chorus for the Annual General Relief Society Conference.

The "Voice of Relief Society" — THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE — was received by 171,002 women during 1960. This represents an 85% increase from 1950 when 92,281 Magazines were distributed monthly.

An average of 8.56 visits were made to each of the 436,970 Latter-day Saint families, as recorded in the Relief Society records, during 1960 by pairs of visiting teachers who, representing Relief Society, carried a message of encouragement, inspiration, and comfort into the homes, and later reported to their respective ward Relief Society presidents any instances of physical need, of loneliness, sorrow, or suffering. The visits, totaling 3,738,742, were made by 93,172 visiting teachers. This represented a 96% increase in visits over the 1,910,662 visits made by 43,625 visiting teachers in 1950.

"Sympathetic, tender, merciful service to those in distress," to the lonely, the sick, bereaved, and destitute, was given during 1960 by Relief Society sisters through 322,554 visits to the sick and homebound, 29,550 eight-hour days care of the sick, and 222,094 hours of other compassionate services. This represented an increase of 140,196 visits to the sick and 7,910 days care of the sick over that rendered in 1950. In areas of the Church where such service was needed, Relief Society sisters during 1960 dressed 640 bodies for burial and assisted in the homes of the bereaved or at the services in connec-

RELIEF SOCIETIES REPORTED IN 1960 ANNUAL REPORT

tion with 8,645 funerals. A total of 3,031 wards and branches throughout the Church are maintaining lists of nurses.

Working under the direction of the Priesthood, Relief Society sisters also made an important contribution to the Welfare Program of the Church. During 1960 ward Relief Society presidents, at the direction of their bishops, made 85,471 visits to families to determine their needs. This was an increase of 60,455 over 1950. Individual women and girls contributed a total of 773,676 hours of service on welfare projects, as compared with 238,090 hours in 1950, which was an increase of 535,586 hours, or 225%. Contributing to this service were 54,766 Relief Society sisters.

As a part of Relief Society's homemaking program and welfare sewing service, during 1960 there was completed under the supervision, or at the direction, of Relief Society, a total of 477,863 sewed articles, which was an increase of 288,822 articles, or 66% over those sewed in 1950. A total of 177,930 non-sewed articles was completed as a part of the handicraft and creative work done by Relief Society sisters.

Diversified and well-planned courses of study in theology, homemaking, literature, and social science are presented each month in the regular weekly Relief Society meetings.

In realizing the great volunteer service given by the women of the Church, as reflected in this Church-wide report, one can well appreciate the statement made by President David O. McKay at the dedication of the Relief Society Building when he said, ". . . we praise thy name for the organization of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the thousands of loyal, faithful, beautiful women who compose its membership. Their devotion to duty is never-ending; their loyalty to thee and to thy Priesthood unquestioned; their administrations to the sick and to the needy, untiring; their sympathetic, gentle services give hope to the dying, comfort and faith to the bereaved."

Hulda Parker

General Secretary-Treasurer

1960 GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS

UNITED STATES	In Stakes		In Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
Alabama			17	327	17	327
Alaska			9	242	9	242
Arizona	147	8,810	10	149	157	8,959
Arkansas			7	102	7	102
California	404	27,700	29	866	433	28,566
Colorado	35	1,918	10	148	45	2,066
Connecticut	1	29	4	102	5	131
Delaware	2	54			2	54
District of Columbia	3	183			3	183
Florida	38	1,281	21	481	59	1,762
Georgia	16	452	16	268	32	720
Hawaii	19	1,112	41	771	60	1,883
Idaho	330	21,682	4	75	334	21,757
Illinois	12	535	28	542	40	1,077
Indiana	10	371	16	361	26	732
Iowa			22	392	22	392
Kansas	2	23	17	282	19	305
Kentucky			25	446	25	446
Louisiana	21	470	6	89	27	559
Maine			18	257	18	257
Maryland	7	332			7	332
Massachusetts			15	358	15	358
Michigan	11	446	8	150	19	596
Minnesota	11	378	8	82	19	460
Mississippi	6	120	10	195	16	315
Missouri	15	638	15	246	30	884
Montana	40	1,302	15	290	55	1,592
Nebraska			16	334	16	334
Nevada	73	3,913	1	8	74	3,921
New Hampshire			5	100	5	100
New Jersey	7	280			7	280
New Mexico	24	1,054	22	250	46	1,304
New York	6	309	31	720	37	1,029
North Carolina	2	51	40	917	42	968
North Dakota			5	100	5	100
Ohio	11	294	19	490	30	784
Oklahoma	24	532			24	532
Oregon	56	3,297	24	660	80	3,957
Pennsylvania	10	284	19	408	29	692
Rhode Island			2	37	2	37
South Carolina	14	556	13	181	27	737
South Dakota			12	178	12	178
Tennessee			19	375	19	375
Texas	58	1,715	55	833	113	2,548
Utah	1,143	84,312			1,143	84,312
Vermont			5	61	5	61
Virginia	14	664	24	407	38	1,071
Washington	83	4,241	10	195	93	4,436
West Virginia			10	212	10	212
Wisconsin	3	130	9	194	12	324
Wyoming	68	3,922	28	641	96	4,563
Total — United States	2,726	173,390	740	14,522	3,466	187,912

OTHER COUNTRIES	In Stakes		In Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
Argentina			31	579	31	579
Azores			1	6	1	6
Australia	28	809	22	431	50	1,240
Austria			8	220	8	220
Belgium			8	109	8	109
Brazil			36	655	36	655
Canada	85	3,804	67	1,030	152	4,834
Chile			7	144	7	144
Cook Islands			1	24	1	24
Costa Rica			3	40	3	40
Denmark			20	449	20	449
El Salvador			4	72	4	72
England	12	364	60	1,320	72	1,684
Ethiopia			1	7	1	7
Fiji Islands			1	14	1	14
Finland			18	437	18	437
Formosa			7	65	7	65
France			40	424	40	424
Germany			159	5,323	159	5,323
Greece			3	8	3	8
Guam	1	26			1	26
Guatemala			16	327	16	327
Honduras			3	79	3	79
Hong Kong			9	64	9	64
Ireland			5	82	5	82
Italy			3	12	3	12
Japan			33	404	33	404
Korea			3	77	3	77
Libya			1	17	1	17
Mexico	4	168	104	1,980	108	2,148
Netherlands			27	382	27	382
New Zealand	25	637	47	832	72	1,469
Nicaragua			1	16	1	16
Norway			15	397	15	397
Okinawa			2	45	2	45
Panama Canal Zone			1	28	1	28
Philippine Islands			3	25	3	25
Paraguay			3	46	3	46
Peru			6	92	6	92
Puerto Rico			1	23	1	23
Samoa			75	833	75	833
Scotland			6	102	6	102
Spain			2	30	2	30
Sweden			35	562	35	562
Switzerland			27	437	27	437
Tahiti			18	263	18	263
Tonga			50	810	50	810
Turkey			1	6	1	6
Union of South Africa			20	305	20	305
Uruguay			27	705	27	705
Wales			11	144	11	144
Total — Other Countries	155	5,808	1,051	20,473	1,206	26,290
Total — United States	2,726	173,390	740	14,522	3,466	187,912
GRAND TOTAL	2,881	179,198	1,791	34,995	4,672	214,202

1950 • COMPARATI

126,550

MEMBERSHIP	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten- Incr
Membership (Total)	214,202	203,752	10,450+	87,
In Stakes	179,198	166,809	12,389+	77,
In Missions	34,995	36,943	1,948—	9,

L. D. S. FAMILIES	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten- Incre
L. D. S. Families (Total)	436,970	416,751	20,219+	173,
In Stakes	363,551	340,299	23,252+	139,
In Missions	73,419	76,452	3,033—	33,

ORGANIZATIONS	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten- Incre
Stake and Mission Organizations (Total)	370	336	34+	1
In Stakes	315	289	26+	1
In Missions	55	47	8+	
Ward and Branch Organizations (Total)	4,672	4,450	222+	1,6
In Stakes	2,881	2,624	257+	1,3
In Missions	1,791	1,826	35—	3

MEMBERSHIP • 1960

214,202

LEADERSHIP 142,905 Relief Society members served as leaders in the Society during 1960, 134,024 in 1959, and 72,444 in 1950.	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Stake Officers	3,584	3,275	309+	1,493
District and Mission Officers	845	1,001	156—	357
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	17,419	16,671	748+	6,230
Other Officers	9,452	8,674	778+	4,419
Class Leaders	18,433	16,811	1,622+	8,415
Visiting Teachers	93,172	87,592	5,580+	49,547

SINGING MOTHERS	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Ward and Branch Singing Mothers Choruses (Total)	3,052	3,126	74—	Comparable Data For 1950 Not Available
In Stakes	2,403	2,313	90+	
In Missions	649	813	164—	
Approximate Number of Singers (Total)	49,564	46,165	3,399+	
In Stakes	41,370	37,750	3,620+	
In Missions	8,194	8,415	221—	

MAGAZINE	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	171,002	162,806	8,196+	78,720½

SERVICES

VISITING TEACHING	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Visiting Teachers	93,172	87,592	5,580+	49,547
Visiting Teacher Districts	49,096	47,822	1,274+	23,804
Family Visits (Total)	3,738,742	3,529,477	209,265+	1,828,080
Home	2,490,584	2,338,921	151,663+	1,167,115
Not Home	1,248,158	1,190,556	57,602+	660,965
Per Cent at Home	66.61%	66.26%		
Communications in Lieu of Visits	80,146	68,628	11,518+	48,618

An average of 8.56 visits were made to each L. D. S. family in 1960
An average of 8.43 visits were made to each L. D. S. family in 1959
An average of 7.25 visits were made to each L. D. S. family in 1950

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase or Decrease
Visits to Sick and Homebound	322,554	313,041	9,513+	140,196
Days Care of the Sick	29,550	34,827	5,277—	7,910
Number of Hours of Other Compassionate Services	222,094	——	222,094+	——
Bodies Dressed for Burial	640	733	93—	44—
Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	8,645	7,982	663+	3,196
Wards and Branches Maintaining Lists of Nurses (Total)	3,031	2,731	300+	1,936
In Stakes	2,391	2,028	363+	1,296
In Missions	640	703	63—	——

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
Family Visits Made Under Direction of Bishop	85,471	74,731	10,740+	60,455
Hours Contributed by All Females on Welfare Projects	773,676	671,501	102,175+	535,586
Relief Society Members Who Assisted on Any Welfare Program During Year	54,766	——	——	——
Hours Contributed on Welfare Projects by All Females Receiving Church Welfare Assistance	220,733	223,907	3,174—	173,733
Sisters Receiving Church Welfare Assistance Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	4,555	3,394	1,161+	2,676
SEWING SERVICE				
Articles Completed (Total)	655,793	476,765	179,028+	466,752
Total Sewed Articles	477,863	476,765	1,098+	288,822
Quilts	22,701	22,198	503+	7,578
Children's Clothing	47,785	47,361	424+	20,161
Women's Clothing	70,764	63,808	6,956+	45,377
Men's Clothing	3,073	3,667	594—	2,667—
Household Furnishings	191,505	171,549	19,956+	184,840
Other (Miscellaneous)	142,035	168,182	26,147—	33,533
Total Sewed Articles Completed	477,863	476,765	1,098+	288,822
Total Non-Sewed Articles	177,930	——	——	——
Sewing Machines Owned by Societies (Total)	4,416	4,430	14—	——
In Stakes	3,878	3,752	126+	——
In Missions	538	678	140—	——

MEETINGS

	1960	1959	One-Year Increase or Decrease	Ten-Year Increase
TOTAL MEETINGS HELD	211,715	200,959	10,756+	94,226
Relief Society General Conference	1	1		
Stake Relief Society Conventions	164	161	3+	86
Stake and Mission Meetings (Total)	6,397	6,240	157+	2,476
Stake and Mission District Board	3,559	3,545	14+	1,248
Stake and Mission Leadership	2,838	2,695	143+	1,228
Ward and Branch Meetings (Total)	205,153	194,557	10,596+	91,664
Regular Meetings for Members	152,594	145,983	6,611+	63,624
Visiting Teacher Meetings	28,635	27,292	1,343+	15,022
March, November Fast Sunday and Other Special Meetings	17,110	15,158	1,952+	10,089
Annual Relief Society Conferences	3,845	3,755	90+	1,376
Officers Meetings Prior to Conferences	2,969	2,369	600+	1,553
VISITS BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS				
Visits to Wards and Branches (Total)	33,638	33,051	587+	17,002
By Stake Officers	27,013	26,786	227+	14,369
By Mission and District Officers	6,625	6,265	360+	2,633

	1960 Number	1960 Per Cent	1959 Per Cent	1950 Per Cent
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE				
Regular Meetings for Members (Total)	79,044	36.9	37.8	34.0
In Stakes	64,542	36.0	36.7	31.7
In Missions	14,502	41.5	42.6	43.4
Theology	85,179	39.8	40.8	36.7
Work	78,669	36.7	37.6	32.9
Literature	74,572	34.8	35.9	32.7
Social Science	77,213	36.1	36.7	33.2
Visiting Teacher Meetings	46,526	49.9	51.1	49.4
Relief Society Leadership Meetings	21,488	43.2	—	—

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements

Cash Balance on Hand January 1, 1960	$1,627,973.05
Receipts	3,058,022.79
Total	$4,685,995.84
Disbursements	$2,925,279.72
Cash Balance on Hand December 31, 1960	$1,760,716.12

Assets — December 31, 1960

Cash Balance on Hand December 31	$1,760,716.12
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishops Office	422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)	91,156.01
Real Estate and Buildings	104,569.95
Total Assets	$2,379,354.30

Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

Figure 4

Solve a "Lengthy" Problem

Shirley Thulin

TALK about the way Jack's beanstalk grew . . . it had nothing over on most children! Do you have these "growing pains," too? Little girls seem to grow out of their coats and dresses so fast it is difficult to keep anything the right length. Here are a few ideas that will help solve this problem. Let's take dresses first.

If you make your daughter's dresses, there are two things you can do when sewing them to help when they have become too short: 1. Cut the skirt about two inches longer than the pattern indicates, and then run several tucks horizontally in the skirt before gathering it to the bodice. These tucks can be let out one at a time as needed, and are much easier to undo than to let out a hem and re-sew it. 2. Be sure to make a generous hem when cutting the dress out, so there will be something to let down if the style of the dress does not lend itself to the tucks in the skirt.

If the dress does not have enough of a hem to let down, but the fabric is still good, and the dress fits well except for length, try this: Cut the skirt in scallops all around about two inches above the hem. (In order to get the scallops even, you may have to cut them first from a piece of newspaper the same length as the skirt is around.) Now bind all around the scallops with matching or contrasting bias tape, or make a small hem. Make a tier of white organdy or other plain colored cloth and, using it double thickness, so there will be no hem in this piece, sew it behind the scallops so that it will come down to just the right length. Now add a matching organdy collar or cuffs and a sash (figure 1).

If you do unpick the hem to lengthen a dress, be sure to stitch a strip of matching or contrasting bias tape around the place where the material is weak from having been pressed together for so long. This adds needed strength, also trim. Then put a little trim to match somewhere else on the dress, such as a bow at the neck, or a strip around the sleeves or collar (figure 2).

Another way to lengthen a dress is to cut the bottom part of the dress completely off about three inches from the hem, and insert a strip of contrasting plain fabric wide enough to make the dress the desired length. Repeat the trim on the bodice by making a new collar or cuffs to match the strip (figure 3).

WITH coats it is a little more difficult, although the styles of today lend themselves more to doing something about the hem than ever before.

First examine the hem to see if it is wide enough to let down. If it is, carefully unpick the stitches and then send the coat to the cleaners. Ask them to pay particular attention to the mark, if any, around the bottom of the old hem. When it comes back, it will be clean and pressed and will be much nicer to work with as well as easier to get a more accurate hem. Put the coat on the child, being sure to button the but-

tons, so that it will hang the way it should while measuring for the hem. Determine the length from the floor that you want the coat to be and pin or mark with tailor chalk all around, using a yardstick or hem marker. Now press up on the wrong side with a damp cloth or steam iron all around at the marked line, and cut off to leave one and one-half inches from the pressed line. Sew seam binding around this edge and blind stitch the hem into place. Now press well again. If the sleeves are too short, and the bottom sleeve hem is wide enough, the same operation can be used to lengthen them.

If the hem is too narrow to be let out, cut it off. Sew a strip of heavy fabric such as wool, velveteen, or corduroy, around the bottom of the coat. Press the seam open. Be sure the color of the strip complements the coat fabric. Make cuffs or a collar or both, of the same fabric, to match (figure 4). You could also make a hat from this fabric, or cover some new buttons to add a touch of elegance.

I Remember Grandma

Donna Mae Bacon

GRANDMA was five feet short and weighed a mite over one hundred pounds. But though small in stature, she was large in heart and soul. Her eyes were the color of the robin's egg and lay embedded in deep "life lines," those of smiles and tears.

Grandma was not rich by modern standards. Her cupboards were bare of prized china and costly silver. No antique rosewood adorned the sitting room, no ornate "grand" — the parlor. There was no governess for the children, no maid for the laundry, not even a "hired girl" in the kitchen. Grandma herself was all of these, and her worldly riches lay in her nine boys and three girls. This "even dozen" and their father made up the whole of a life of eighty-five years!

Days were filled with endless rounds of cooking, sewing, and cleaning. The gigantic task of keeping twelve little bodies warm and fed was Grandmother's life's goal.

Grandma never traveled abroad; her imagination was the "magic carpet" on which she carried her children to adventure-land. She never attended the opera in formal dress and white gloves. The old pump organ, for half a century, kept its honored place in the center of the living room wall, where nightly concerts were presented, with even the littlest ones performing.

Grandma had no membership in a weekly club. Quilting bees were held regularly on the porch, and her "works of art" were the varied and intricate patterns, laid into each quilt cover, which she designed!

The library contained no leather-bound first editions, but the Holy Bible, and other scriptures, worn with use, were prominently displayed on the mantel, and among the family records and albums could be found Dickens' *Christmas Carol* and the *Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

I remember Grandma rocking — rocking in rhythm with the ticking of the old-fashioned wall clock. If one listened carefully, a faint melody which sounded much like a lullaby could be heard. Grandmother loved babies and flowers and was usually nursing both. Her gardens were well-kept, as were her little ones.

I remember Granny best when we visited her. After a bountiful supper and home entertainment around the organ, we were sent upstairs to feather beds, where we immediately sank into dreamland.

Grandma loved beauty and goodness and kindness. She loved life! Grandma had so little, and she had so much. She is remembered by many, and among them, by me!

A Feather in Her Hat

Sylvia Probst Young

ON Monday morning, right after the stores opened, Karen called me.

"Mary," she said, "Chris has some beautiful percale that's going on sale for twenty-nine cents. Why don't you come by and look at it, if you have time today? It would make beautiful quilts and aprons for our bazaar."

Karen Haskell is my Work Director Counselor, and, although she clerks at Bowers Mercantile five days a week, she has arranged to have her day off on Tuesday so she can attend Relief Society and participate in our work. And what a worker Karen is, with a radiance that is contagious. I could have never found better counselors than she and Ruby Stevens. They make being president an easier job than it might otherwise be.

From the telephone I turned back to my dusting, thinking of Karen. At thirty-nine she is a widow with five children to support, and with certain financial obligations, because of Tom's long illness, that would completely dishearten many of us. But Karen has a way of seeing sunshine through the darkest cloud.

"It is my first duty to keep my children happy," she has told me. "I want them to live as normally as if Tom were still with us. It isn't always easy to put on a bright front, but that's the thing I must do."

It's a philosophy that has paid dividends, for Karen's home is a well-ordered place of peace and warmth and a deep understanding between her children and herself.

Sally, seventeen, the oldest and only daughter, has her mother's charm, but with a quiet reserve, too, such as Tom had.

"I don't know how I'd manage without her," Karen has often told me. And it is surprising how well Sally takes over with her four young brothers when Karen isn't there.

Right after lunch I drove over to Bowers. Karen was busy with a customer, so I visited with Chris for a few minutes. It's a pleasure to visit with Chris Bowers and as beneficial as a spring tonic. With a good morning smile and a bit of friendliness, he makes everyone feel just right.

It was while I was talking to him that the idea came to me, and what a perfectly beautiful idea it was!

"What would you think if I stole your best clerk the first week of April and took her down to Conference?" I asked him.

He was reflective for a moment. "Well now," he finally said, "I do believe Karen needs a few days off. I get so dependent on her I don't think of it. And since you tell me this far ahead I think I can arrange it."

While we were selecting percale I told Karen of my big idea, and she was enthusiastic.

"Mary, I'd love it," she exclaimed, "it's been years since I've been down to Conference."

"Then let's really plan to go," I told her. "Al won't mind batching

for a few days. I'm sure that Ruby can get away, too, and your boys will be cared for as well as if you were there. I'll drive my car; the weather should be pleasant by then."

THE next Tuesday was our work meeting. Karen and I went early to put on a quilt.

"I hope you're still planning on Conference," I reminded her.

"I surely am," she said, "I told my family about it, and you should have heard the plans. The things they want me to bring them," she laughed, "you'd think I was planning a trip to New York."

I smiled knowingly, remembering how my children had been.

"But speaking of the trip, Mary, why don't you ride over to Maurine's with me when meeting is out. She has the cutest green spring coat in her window, and I've needed a light coat for so long. If it's my size and not too expensive, I'll get her to put it on 'will call' until next payday."

Maurine's Shop is a sort of special place, not exclusive, but you can be sure that what you buy there is always good. Maurine has been in the business in our town for at least twenty years—long enough to know almost everybody's size and what would look best on them.

"I think that coat is just your size," she told Karen, "I'll get it from the window and we'll see."

The coat fit Karen perfectly.

"You know this Karen," Maurine said, "has a figure as nice as her Sally's. Imagine, Mary, that's size ten—what happened to you and me?"

In spite of the sales pitch, Maurine was right. Karen did have an enviable figure, and the coat was very becoming on her, especially the color that looked so nice with her coppery hair.

And another nice thing was the price—just twenty-five dollars. Karen was very pleased. She gave Maurine fifteen, and promised to get the other ten after her next payday. She wouldn't take the coat in spite of Maurine's wanting her to.

"I'd rather leave it right here until I have it all paid for."

As she walked out of the shop, she turned a smiling face to me. "Funny how something new can give you a lift. I guess it's just what I needed to pick me up."

DURING the next two weeks I didn't see Karen except at Relief Society. Alice's baby was sick, and I had her two older children a good part of the time. And on Sunday Karen didn't come to church because her little Johnny had a bad cold.

But on Friday night I walked over to Karen's to get some apron patterns, and to take a knitting book that I had promised to lend to her. Knowing how fond her boys are of cookies, I had made a batch of snickerdoodles to take along for them.

Warm spring darkness lay softly over the land. Overhead a cloud-draped moon looked down, and the air was cool and fresh from the afternoon rain. I walked along with a wonderful sense of well-being, drinking in the beauty of the night.

At Karen's house Sally opened the door to me; her eyes were glowing like twin stars.

"Hello. Come in. Mama isn't here just now, she just ran over

to Mrs. Peters," she explained, "but she should be right back."

I handed her the basket. "Some cookies I baked—these hungry boys keep you girls cooking."

"Oh, how nice of you. We all like cookies. Thanks a lot."

"Hey, you boys," she called, going into the kitchen, "look what's for you."

"You look like something exciting was about to happen," I told her when she came back.

She beamed, "It really has. It's the junior prom, and I have the most wonderful date—Mark Jeppson. You know the Jeppsons, Mary, they moved over on Coolidge Street about a month ago."

"Oh, yes," I remembered, "they're in our ward, now. His mother comes to Relief Society."

She nodded, "And Mom bought me the most beautiful dress I've ever seen. I'll show you."

She came back carefully holding a soft creation of lilac-colored organza and lace stitched with tiny pink rosebuds. It was almost breathtaking—the kind of dress that goes with youth and springtime and laughter.

"Isn't it sweet? Mom bought it at Maurine's yesterday. It was a surprise to me. I think I have the most wonderful Mom in the whole world."

While we were admiring the dress, Karen came home. We sat down to visit and discuss Relief Society, and before I realized how late it was getting, Mark Jeppson arrived. He was a nice-looking, clean-cut young man. I could readily see why Sally was thrilled to go to the junior prom with him.

She came out of the bedroom then, and I've never seen a lovelier young girl. Karen's eyes followed her, and they expressed all her pride and hope and mother love.

At the door, just when they were ready to go, Sally turned impulsively, and planted a quick kiss on Karen's cheek.

When they were gone Karen turned to me, and her face was radiant. "I think I'm as happy as she is," she sighed. "I was so afraid she might not get asked—she's kind of a shy little thing, and a junior prom when you're a junior is so important."

"She looked so sweet, too," I said, "thanks to you."

"It is a beautiful dress, isn't it? I've been repaid a hundredfold for getting it."

I knew what she meant—"I have the most wonderful Mom," Sally had said—and the quick kiss at the door, were expressions of love that were priceless.

We went to Conference the next week. I picked up Karen first because she lives closer to me than Ruby. She came down the walk in her old beige coat. I had guessed that she would be wearing it.

As she got into the car, she gave me a knowing smile.

"The cleaners did such a good job on it I almost feel as if it's new," she said.

"But you have something new," I observed.

It was a gay, little natural straw hat, set off by a saucy pink feather.

"Oh, the hat—isn't it a dear? Sally bought it with her allowance —a surprise to me. You know," she laughed, "I like a feather in my hat!"

"I think you've always worn one," I told her.

Catherine Johnson Strong and Eliza Creer White Enjoy Rug Making Together

TWO neighbors of Midvale, Utah, have made a happy and useful combination of their hobbies, and they spend many hours together making their specialty — rugs of many kinds. Sister White, at the left, who is eighty-two years old, and Sister Strong, at the right, seventy-nine, are experts in design, selection of materials and colors for their rugs, and have mastered the intricacies of loom weaving.

The weaving frame shown in the picture is forty by sixty inches and is made of wood and is adjustable so that rugs can be made wider or longer, as desired. On each end of the frame hooks are placed three-fourths of an inch apart for fastening the denim strips which form the warp for the rug. Strips of used cotton clothing one and one-half inches wide provide the woof for the rugs. Braided and hooked art rugs are also shown in the picture.

When rugs and quilts do not demand the attention of Sister Strong, she embroiders, does textile painting, or makes hobby horses for her grandchildren. She loves flowers and maintains her own garden and home, and is grandmother to thirty-seven. For more than thirty years she has been a visiting teacher.

Sister White, aside from her civic and religious activities, and the care of her home and flowers, has enjoyed crocheting, tatting, cutwork, needlepoint, water color painting, and making quilts and rugs. Also, she collects rare buttons, some of which were worn on early pioneer clothing. She has a strand of over a thousand buttons. Her collection of souvenir spoons is remarkable for beauty and interest, since the spoons come from many places, purchased or presented to Sister White as gifts. She is especially skilled in making crocheted rugs of discarded woolen materials.

Both Sister Strong and Sister White have presented many gifts of handwork and quilts and rugs to relatives and friends and neighbors, and they have assisted the Relief Society sisters in learning the skills which they have mastered so well, and which have greatly enriched their own lives and the lives of many others.

Truth Is Sublime

Betty Lou Martin

"EIGHT o'clock, children," Lydia Samuels called to her two children, Jerry and Sue Ann, as she glanced at the clock on the shelf. "Breakfast is ready. Come and eat."

Lydia heaped the sauce dishes full of steaming hot cereal, poured two glasses of milk, and put toast and fresh fruit on the table. Her husband, Ned Samuels, had to leave for work at six o'clock in the morning now, and Lydia had to make two breakfasts every morning. She smiled pleasantly at herself. She had finally lost the added weight that she had gained from eating breakfast with both Ned and the children. Now, she ate her breakfast with her husband and then had a glass of fruit juice with the children. Breakfast had always been an important time for the Samuels. It was a time of gaiety and friendliness before each member of the family departed his separate way for the day.

Angry voices sounded in the hallway. "I have never seen such a baby," Jerry said angrily as he entered the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"Now what's the matter?" Lydia asked, as she looked from Jerry's frowning face to Sue Ann's tear-stained one. "I wish that you two would try to get along. It is such a beautiful day. Don't spoil it, children."

"I'd get along with her, Mom, if she wouldn't tell those stories. She is always making up something that isn't true." Jerry looked at his seven-year-old sister with disapproval.

"I know, Jerry. Now you two are going to be late for school. Eat your breakfast, and we'll discuss this further tonight." Lydia sighed. It was true, Sue Ann did make up stories, and Lydia could not understand why she persisted in doing it.

The doorbell rang, and Sue Ann headed hurriedly for the back door. "Mom, it's Carolyn, and I don't want to walk to school with her. Tell her that I have already gone, and I'll sneak out the back door."

Lydia felt an angry flush leap to her cheeks. She took Sue Ann by the arm and marched her toward the front door. "You know that is not being truthful. I'm not going to start making up stories for you. Now you answer that door and walk to school with Carolyn."

Sue Ann walked beside Carolyn to school, her wavy blonde hair bouncing angrily, and Lydia could imagine the anger she was feeling behind those blue eyes and peaches-and-cream complexion.

"Golly, Mom," eleven-year-old Jerry said seriously, "what are we going to do with her? Fun is fun, but she is always pulling some trick like that. Remember the time that she hid in the closet because she didn't want to go out and play. We thought she was over to Grandma's place all the time, but she had just ignored the doorbell."

Jerry was right. Sue Ann was

getting to be a problem, and Lydia honestly did not understand why the child acted the way that she did.

LYDIA hurried through her work that day, stopping only long enough to prepare herself some lunch. Later, she went to the grocery store to pick up a few items, and before she realized it, it was time for the children to come home from school.

Jerry walked in and helped himself to some fresh fruit that Lydia had just washed and arranged in a bowl in the center of the table. "Boy, what a day this has been. Those teachers just keep heaping on the homework. How do they ever expect me to be a great baseball player if they keep giving me all this homework?"

Lydia laughed as she ruffled Jerry's hair. "Well, dear, I guess that they have other things on their minds than your being a great baseball player. Did you see Sue Ann on your way home?"

"Yes, I saw her, but she wouldn't even talk to me, and it looked as if she had been crying," Jerry said as he picked up his books and headed toward the living room. "Boy, I'm glad that I'm not a girl."

Just then the door swung open and a somewhat bewildered looking little girl stood in the doorway.

"What's the matter, honey?" Lydia asked as Sue Ann ran to her and threw her arms about her.

"Oh, Mommy, it's all that Carolyn's fault. She wanted to walk home with me tonight, and I told my friends to tell her that I had already gone, and the teacher heard me. She said that nice little girls don't treat other people that way." Sue Ann was sobbing. "I am a nice girl, Mommy, aren't I?"

Lydia lifted Sue Ann upon her lap and wiped her tear-stained face. "Of course, you are a nice little girl, honey, but the teacher was right when she said that you shouldn't treat your friends or anybody that way. It isn't being honest with them or yourself. Now, let's go wash your face. We won't talk about it any more right now, but we'll see what your father has to say when he gets home tonight."

That evening after dinner Lydia discussed Sue Ann with Ned, explaining how the child had been acting lately.

"How in the world did she ever get started doing that?" Ned inquired. "She can't go around hiding in the closet from people. I just won't have her acting that way."

"I know, dear. I have talked to her and told her time and time again, but the more I seem to talk, the worse she gets. I just can't seem to shame her out of it." Lydia sighed. "What do you think we should do?"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. When I was a youngster, I was deprived of certain privileges if I didn't mind. It hurt a lot worse than if my father had spanked me." Ned thought for a moment. "We'll just have to stop her allowance this week and she won't be allowed to go to the movies this Saturday."

"Oh, Ned, no," Lydia objected. "She looks forward to the movies on Saturday, and all her little friends go, too. I can see stopping the allowance, but not the movies."

"Lydia, I think that we both agree that Sue Ann has to stop this habit. How will she know that we really

mean business, if we don't take some steps? Now as much as she enjoys the movies, I am sure that in order to go, she'll stop her convenient little stories," Ned persisted.

"All right, Ned, but I hope that you will tell her what we have decided. I don't want to," Lydia added.

Ned put his arm about Lydia. "If it is that painful for you, I'll tell her. I don't want to hurt her feelings any more than you do, dear, but enough of this nonsense is enough."

NED walked softly into the bedroom where Sue Ann lay looking at a book. "Time to go to sleep now, honey," Ned said looking down at Sue Ann. She looked like a little doll lying there, with her wide blue eyes and curly hair. Ned felt a lump in his throat as he started to speak. It was so hard to reprimand either her or Jerry.

Ned sat down on the bed beside his daughter and tucked the blankets up about her. "Honey, I've been talking to your mother, and she tells me that you have been telling stories that aren't true to get rid of people when you haven't wanted to see them. You know that Heavenly Father wants us to be honest, don't you?"

Sue Ann nodded.

"Well, then, this can't be very honest, can it?" Ned's voice was little more than a whisper. "Daddy and Mother don't want you to do these things, and your Mother has spoken to you before about it, but you don't seem to remember. Now, to make sure that you won't do this again, we're not going to give you any allowance this week, and we're not going to let you go to the movies with your little friends. When you stop telling untruths, then you will get your allowance and can go to the movies again."

"Oh, Daddy, no, no," Sue Ann cried as she buried her head in her pillow. "You wouldn't do that to me."

Ned soothed his daughter. "I want you to know, Sue Ann, that it is only because we love you very much that we are doing this. Now you go to sleep."

The next morning Sue Ann asked her mother, "Mommy, Daddy didn't really mean it did he, about not getting my allowance or going to the movies?"

"Yes, we both mean it, Sue Ann." Lydia was unhappy just looking at the hurt, bewildered expression on Sue Ann's face. "When you stop telling stories that aren't true, then you can have your allowance again and go to the movies, but not until."

Sue Ann started to cry and was still in tears when she left for school.

That evening Sue Ann tried again. "Mommy, if I promise right now that I won't tell any more stories or anything like that, can I go to the movies this Saturday?"

"No, Sue Ann, not this Saturday. You've promised Mommy many times before, but always you have broken your promise."

Sue Ann moped around the house the rest of the week, having very little to say. It was a strain on the rest of the family as well as Sue Ann, but Ned and Lydia had decided to remain firm.

When Saturday arrived, one of Sue Ann's little friend's mother called to tell Lydia that she would

pick Sue Ann up to take her to the movies, and Lydia explained that Sue Ann wouldn't be going. Sue Ann heard the conversation, but she didn't utter a word in protest. When Jerry left for the movies, she still didn't show any visible sign of emotion.

"It seems to have worked," Lydia told Ned. "Sue Ann hasn't told one story. I think that she is even starting to like Carolyn. She doesn't try to avoid her any more."

"We should have done this long ago, Lydia," Ned said. "I think that we can let her go to the movies this coming Saturday, and also give her an allowance again."

Lydia was pleased. "You tell her, Ned. She'll be so happy."

Even Jerry was happy when he learned that Sue Ann could have her privileges back again. "Gosh, Mom," he said, "I just hate to see her feel hurt."

THAT Saturday Lydia was rushing to get ready for a meeting and to get Sue Ann ready for the movies, when she noticed a salesman approaching their house. "Oh, dear, Sue Ann, here comes a salesman, and Mommy just hasn't time to talk to him today. We are almost late now." Lydia was frustrated. "You be right quiet, honey, and he'll think that we're not home and go away."

The persistent salesman finally gave up in defeat and went away.

Sue Ann looked up at her mother inquisitively, as if deep in thought, "Mommy," she said.

"What, dear?" Lydia asked as she brushed Sue Ann's hair into place.

"Is Daddy going to take away your allowance now?" she asked.

"Sue Ann, what are you talking about?" Lydia said questioningly.

"Well, whenever I ran and hid from people and told stories, you said that I was bad. But you always did it, so I thought that it would be all right if I did it, too." Sue Ann spoke innocently.

Oh, no, Lydia thought. I've been punishing and reprimanding Sue Ann for something that she has seen me do. No wonder she has been so confused. She thought that if I did it, it would be all right for her to do it, too. What have I done?

Lydia took stock of herself right then. She admitted that at various times, if it wasn't convenient for her, she had told the children to tell someone that she wasn't at home, or else she had remained quiet so someone wouldn't think that she was at home. She didn't have any idea that all this time Sue Ann had been taking it to heart. Now she had to face her little daughter with some logical explanation.

She kneeled in front of the little girl who sat primly on the chair awaiting an explanation.

"Sue Ann, honey, your Daddy should take away my allowance. Mommy has been doing something very, very wrong, and even more wrong, I have made you think that it is all right, and then turned around and told you that it was wrong. No wonder you didn't know what was right and what was wrong. Please forgive me, dear, and I promise you that I won't act this way ever again."

Lydia pledged to herself that very day that she would be very careful the way she spoke and the way that

she acted. She wanted her children to grow up to be fine and honest upstanding individuals. This being true, she knew that she must work all the harder to be that type of individual herself. She finally told Ned what had happened, and she had only to look at Sue Ann to remember the shame that she felt. She wondered if Sue Ann remembered, too.

To Lydia's relief, Sue Ann never mentioned the episode after that day, and to the family's delight, Sue Ann never told any more stories. But then—neither did Lydia.

Oil Painting

Shirley Ann M. Hales

OIL painting has opened up a whole new world for me—a world of beauty and intense color, of peace and satisfaction. Love for the scenery of mountains and forests has always been dominant in my life, but it wasn't until I started painting with oils that I truly began to appreciate our beautiful country.

Painting brought to me the realization of a vast prism of color. Closer scrutiny of the "brown" tree trunk revealed varieties of whites, grays, blues, and browns, while pinks, lavenders, whites, and myriad of greens were evident in the foliage.

Now, with rapture I seek the blue-shadowed ravines on a sun-drenched peak, the cool purple of shadows on a shimmering trail, or the delicate blend of sun and shade on the creamy smoothness of an aspen. I revel in the gradation of color on a spruce trunk against a background of mountain and shrub, and thrill to the sharp black silhouette of its high branches against a blue sky. I rejoice in the subtlety of pinks, reds, and oranges of a rocky crag, and the rich warm tones of yellow ocher and umber in an autumn field. There is a matchless challenge in trying to reproduce on a palette, the glowing shades and colors of an inviting landscape.

A feeling of peace prevails on a painting expedition, whether alone or in the company of other artists. Relaxing with a fresh white canvas on my easel, with nothing but the wind stirring the trees, the hum of insects, and a fragrant breeze wafting around me, any accumulation of tension and frustration melts away, for there is complete absorption in the work.

Ward Linton

ALMOND BLOSSOMS

Sometimes, while quietly painting, a movement will attract my eye and there will be a small bird, a chipmunk or a squirrel only a few feet away, soothed into fearlessness by the silence and the slow casual movements.

Oil painting has come to mean peace, satisfaction, and spiritual joy, as I draw close to my Father in heaven through the beauty of his creation.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 6

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who works for the forest service. These friends are quite different from Ernest Wood, Geniel's friend who owns a shoe store in Denver. Geniel goes to Denver for the Christmas holidays. Her Aunt Nina tells her she can have some books to start a library at Blayney. Geniel's dates with Ernest are a disappointment, and when her plane lands at Idaho Falls, Jeff Burrows is there to meet her.

JANUARY crept slowly by, or so it seemed to Geniel who decided that molasses wasn't the only thing that lacked speed in that month. The icicles hung low on her bedroom window, and there were snowstorms every few days that often reached blizzard proportions.

It was not unusual to see three or four deer roaming through the streets, and occasionally, the coyotes would come close enough to the edge of the town so that their weird howling could be plainly heard.

So far Geniel had not found any feasible means of bringing the books over from Denver, nor a place to put them in after they arrived. They couldn't just be piled up in the classrooms.

"There must be some way we could raise the money," she remarked at the dinner table one evening. "What would you think of a rummage sale? That's one of the tried and true methods we've used at home."

"It's never been tried here, so I wouldn't know," answered Christine. "We might get the PTA to sponsor a bazaar of some kind."

"Each grade could take over one part—you know, a fishing pond, cider and doughnuts, and so on. How much money do you think we would need to get the thing going—the library, I mean?" Marva's enthusiasm was mounting with every word.

"It all depends on what we would have to pay to rent a room," answered Geniel. "I imagine that we could get someone here in town to go after the books just for the bare expense of the trip. Then, of course, after we find a place to put them, we would have to get someone to look after them—check the books in and out, you know. If we didn't, we wouldn't have any left within a few months. Maybe the whole project is just too big."

"Never say die!" Marva spoke up cheerfully. "Where there's a will—and all the rest of those fine morale-building maxims. Let's start in by planning our fund-raising project, anyway. Then we can tackle the next problem as it comes. We can spring the idea of a bazaar at the PTA meeting Friday, if Mr. Layton approves."

Each grade took a turn at furnishing the program for the PTA meetings, and this time it had fallen to Geniel's third graders. For some time she had toyed with the idea of letting Connie give a short

reading. The child had improved wonderfully of late and hardly ever stammered in class. She decided to leave it up to Connie herself. If the little girl really wanted to do a piece in public she could try. It might do more harm than good if she failed — but she had to start sometime.

It happened that Connie was delighted with the idea. She had been in the background for so long now, that she seized an opportunity of doing the same thing the other girls had been doing right along.

Geniel gave Connie a short piece and had her learn it so perfectly that she could have said it in her sleep. There was only one thing more. While her clothes, handed on from Marcie's little girl, were pretty enough to give any child confidence, her hair was still a straight, unlovely shade of brown. There was nothing that could be done about the color, but Geniel arranged for the mother to give her a home permanent.

Mrs. Roberts was about as happy as Connie over the whole affair. "You are our good angel," she said gratefully. "No one has ever tried to help her before."

There were two other poems to be recited by children, and Geniel decided to put Connie in between. It would make her feel less alone. There were also some songs to be sung by the entire class.

CONNIE came to school a day or two before the program with her hair curled. It was a bit on the frizzy side, but still a great improvement over its former limpness. She was actually quite pretty now and seemed to blossom under the attention she was getting.

The program went off beautifully, the only hitch being that half a dozen of the students came down with the mumps the day before the meeting.

"Oh, that's nothing," shrugged Christine. "It's only a very few of the darlings that ever get past the first and second grades. And it's all for the best, even if it interferes with PTA programs. Now is the time for them to get over with it."

During the meeting Geniel was given an opportunity to announce the windfall of books she had received and the problem of raising some money to provide a place for their use. Most of the parents were enthusiastic about the idea of a bazaar and a date was set.

Later, each grade was allowed to choose its own project, including everything from a fishing pond to a lunch stand. The third grade dedecided upon popcorn balls.

The bazaar was to be held in the auditorium, and a big sign "Books for Blayney" was made by a local painter and hung over the front entrance of the schoolhouse.

Almost everyone, it seemed, was working wholeheartedly on the project. No one knew, as yet, where the books were to go when they arrived but, as Mrs. Willett said, "Something will turn up. It always does. Just to have this many people thinking and working on it is a mighty good start." She herself had offered to bake a dozen apple pies for the fifth grade to serve in their home bakery.

Geniel was not too greatly surprised, just a week before the event,

to receive an invitation from Miss Blayney to call at her home.

"She may say it's an invitation," commented Marva, "but it's an order, as you should know. Did you happen to check with the Duchess before you started this affair?"

"Are you serious?" asked Geniel. "All of the parents in the town, that were interested enough to come out to the PTA meeting, voted for it. Was it also necessary to get her permission?"

"It would have been wise—or perhaps kind is a better word. She's getting along now and doesn't have many years left in which to run the town. I guess it would be rather hard to break the habits of a lifetime."

"Well, it won't hurt me any to go and see her," agreed Geniel, "so I'm glad to go if it will make her happy. I'm curious to see her home anyway."

She dropped in at the mansion the next afternoon on her way home from school. The house was indeed worth seeing, with its high beamed ceilings and polished woodwork. While the furniture dated back half a century or so, it was of the very finest and still in excellent taste.

HER hostess was dressed in a purple velvet gown and her iron gray hair was piled high upon her head. It gave her the appearance of being an extremely tall woman, although actually she was only an inch or two taller than Geniel.

"It was very kind of you to come and see an old lady," said Miss Blayney graciously.

"It is my pleasure, I am sure," replied Geniel, determined that it should be just that.

"I hear that you are promoting the establishment of a library for the school," she went on, getting to the point at once.

"I am doing what I can in a very limited way," Geniel answered smiling. "I was fortunate enough to have a rather large number of books given to me when I was home at Christmas. It seemed like a windfall at the time. Now I am not so sure, it seems to have brought all kinds of problems. We have to find a way to bring the books here —and that's just the beginning. We also have to find some place to put them after they arrive. We do need them rather badly, however, and the students and parents are working hard on a bazaar to raise some money for a start."

"Very commendable, I'm sure," said Miss Blayney rather stiffly.

"If you have any suggestions for us, I'm sure that we would appreciate it very much," said Geniel seriously.

"Thank you, I'll think it over. Now you must let me give you a cup of hot chocolate. It stays very cold, even for this time of the year."

Under the spell of hospitality both relaxed somewhat, but there was still a feeling of tension. Geniel knew that she hadn't been completely forgiven for past offenses, such as missing the formal dinner and changing the act in the pageant to suit herself. And now, to crown it all, she had dared to start a very ambitious project without at least consulting the lady. She was not sorry when it was time to leave.

"I guess that Miss Blayney and I simply aren't what you would call

kindred souls," she remarked at the dinner table. "She wished us well in our undertaking, but all the time I had a feeling that she'd gain some sort of satisfaction if we failed. I daresay that I am doing the lady a great injustice."

"To some extent," agreed Christine. "Basically, I'm quite sure that she has the welfare of the community at heart."

"The fly in the ointment, of course," observed Marva, "is that she didn't start the business herself."

"So, now you tell me," shrugged Geniel. "We'll have to muddle along as best we can. We and the other 2,399 inhabitants of Blayney."

Johnny had offered to help put up the booths in the hall. "The wonderful thing about taking a correspondence course," he said, "is that nobody checks up on you until examination time. You can even leave assignments until almost the last day, thinking there will still be time to get them in. Then you have to break your neck—or flunk."

"I don't care to have either on my conscience," declared Geniel. "We'll get someone else to do it."

"No you won't. I'm just trying to salve my own conscience for past lapses. Anyway, the booths are already built, and I can get the older boys to help set them up."

The plans went merrily on with the "Books for Blayney" idea gathering more momentum every day. Geniel bought the corn to send home with the youngsters, along with a recipe for the popcorn balls. Half of them she planned to do herself the day before the bazaar, but she wanted the children to feel that they had a full share in the activities.

THE booths were put up on Saturday, the week before the bazaar was to be held because the boys had that day free in which to work. Geniel dropped over to see how they were getting along and was enthusiastic. "This will be a fun night, even without the money-raising angle," she remarked to Mr. Layton. "I think that bazaars are a circus—or the nearest thing to one."

"And it's fine to have a project where all the students can work together," he added. "It makes it doubly worthwhile."

On Tuesday, five of her students were out of school because of illness. "There's quite a bit of flu around," remarked Mrs. Willett. "I hope that it doesn't cut into your crowd too much. We don't want any leftover apple pies."

"When they're yours!" exclaimed Marva. "Don't talk nonsense."

"It sounds like good sense to me," said Geniel, more than a little worried. "Maybe I'd better cut down on the number of popcorn balls I planned to make. If we have any left over it will do away with all the profit."

Geniel became more and more alarmed as additional students dropped out on each succeeding day. On Thursday the blow fell. There were to be no more public gatherings of any sort until the wave was over.

"Isn't that just my luck!" Geniel wailed despondently.

"Well, don't feel too bad," Christine tried to console her. "It is only postponed for awhile. Anything that was made, outside of food, will

keep all right, and you can always have the affair some other time."

"It just won't be the same," replied Geniel. "You can't generate enthusiasm like that a second time. Anyway, I'm very much afraid that we can't."

"Could be," agreed Marva. "But you'll just have to look on the bright side and think of all the corn you don't have to pop and all the sticky balls you don't have to make. Now you try and brighten my day by telling me what I'm going to do with all the white elephants my darlings have collected. Have a parade, I guess."

Geniel was thoughtful for a moment. "It just goes to show. I should have let Miss Blayney start it. Then I'm sure it would have been a howling success. I daresay we would even have escaped the flu."

Within two weeks the ban on public gatherings was lifted, but Geniel didn't have the heart to start over again right away. "I'll have to let some of the scars heal first," she said. "I simply haven't the nerve to ask everyone to do all that work again. And, if I did, it might bring on another epidemic."

She forgot much of her disappointment in preparations for a Lincoln birthday ball, which was to be an evening of square dancing held in the ward recreation hall. She was especially happy because Jeff had invited her to go as his partner. Although they had been out together several times in groups, it was the first time he had asked her for a real date.

"We'll need some cotton dresses," said Marva, who always had her choice of three or four partners. "I'm going to have a red and white check. It will suit my personality, don't you think? And I'll trim it with rows of white rickrack braid."

"Anything that is bright and gay will suit your personality," smiled Geniel. "Now, what shall I choose?"

"Hmm, not purple. How about a lovely daffodil yellow?"

THE girls made their own dresses, and both decided the other had done an expert job. Geniel didn't know when she had been so excited about a party. "I guess it's because I feel so young in this whirly dress," she remarked, as she came downstairs, all ready to go. "Do you think I look much too young and giddy for a schoolteacher? Especially a third grade schoolteacher?"

"I don't know what the grade has to do with it," remarked Christine, "but I'm sure you don't look a day too young. I mean, not any younger than you feel. You are both charming."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Geniel replied, feeling a momentary pang that Christine was also not young and charming enough to join them for an evening of fun.

Garth Dalton, Marva's partner for the dance, arrived soon, and they sat in the living room waiting for Jeff to arrive so that they could all go over together. When a bell rang, it wasn't the door, however, but the phone.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," Jeff said, "but I can't make it for awhile. One of my heifers—quite a valuable animal—is sick, and I'll have to stay and dose her up until I know she is all right. I'll try to see you later."

Geniel came slowly back into the living room. "Did you ever get stood

up for a cow?" she asked not smiling, "a sick cow?"

The others couldn't help laughing. "Sure, that's common practice around here," replied Marva. "It doesn't have to be a cow. A sheep or any animal that costs over twenty-five dollars will do. Come on and go over with us. There'll be plenty of partners for you. If not, they'll fill in the sets with girls."

"Yes, do," urged Mrs. Willett. "I'll send Jeff over when he comes."

Geniel was about to reply, "Don't bother" to that suggestion, but it seemed to be rather a small gesture. Anyway, the chances were that he would be spending the evening out in the barn dancing to a bovine tune.

She was still hesitating when Marva brought out her coat and Garth helped her to slip it on. Then he took one girl by each arm and started out.

A reel was in progress when they came into the hall, and the sprightly music helped to drive out Geniel's feelings of disappointment and annoyance.

By the time they had checked their wraps, another dance had started. She began to make her way to a seat on the sidelines, but her hand was grasped by a young lad, whose name she didn't know, but whom she had seen in church. "Come on and get in," he cried. "They change partners every time, so you won't be stuck long with me."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind," she laughed.

They joined the circle and, after one phase of the dance, moved on in opposite directions.

As Marva had promised, there were enough partners to keep her engaged for most of the evening, and she had a far better time than she had anticipated.

It was nearly eleven when she glanced at the doorway and saw Jeff standing there. At first she thought that she would pretend that she hadn't seen him, then she decided that was altogether too childish and as she passed close enough she smiled at him.

He joined her at the end of the dance. "Well, I made it—finally," he said. "Have you had fun?"

"Loads of it, thank you. How's the cow?"

"Better, thank you," he replied. Then they both grinned widely.

One of the few waltzes of the evening was being played, and he led her to the floor. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," he began.

"Then don't try," she smiled, and the last of her resentment seemed to melt away.

"It's one of the hazards — the unpleasantness of trying to run a farm. Crops fail — animals die on you — people decide they don't want what you have been struggling to raise. . . ."

"But you still think it's worthwhile?"

"I still think it's the only life for me. I guess I'm just contrary. I could have stayed on at Ames and taught, or have taken a county agent's job. In either case, I could have arrived at this dance on time."

"It didn't matter, really," Geniel said.

"Thanks again." There was a brief pause, and he added, "I hope that was meant as a compliment."

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Madge G. Parks

SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD FIRST WARD BAZAAR
December 1960

Left to right: Mattie Dickinson, Second Counselor; Velda Barney, President; Roene White, First Counselor; Florence Blackwell, Secretary.

Madge G. Parks, President, Sevier Stake Relief Society, reports: "This ward had a most outstanding bazaar. Many articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold. The bazaar was in the form of a social, with the whole ward participating. An excellent turkey dinner was prepared by the Relief Society members and 462 persons were served. Some of the items sold were thirty-six pairs of embroidered pillow cases, twelve sets of dish towels, twelve boys' shirts, thirty aprons, seven large sofa pillows, twelve pairs knitted wool house slippers, four corduroy pillows, four foam rubber pillows, nine baby blankets, twenty-five felt Christmas stockings, ten rugs, twelve large, candy-filled decorated cans, four bathrobes, six pair of pajamas, and a large assortment of stuffed dolls and animals, doll clothes, novelty gifts, and many other beautiful and useful gifts. The sisters of the ward were all helpful in making the affair a success."

Photograph submitted by Enid Miller

SAN DIEGO EAST STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, March 5, 1961

The chorister, Ruth Judd, is seated center front (in dark dress); organist Enid Bassett is next to Sister Judd on the left; Enid Miller, President, San Diego East Stake Relief Society, is on the other side of Sister Judd, at the right.

Photograph submitted by Betty Bean

PIKES PEAK STAKE (COLORADO) RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE BOARD

Front row, seated, left to right: Verda Maddox, chorister; Abigail Martinez, social science class leader; Betty Bean, President; Lee Oma Nielson, Work Director Counselor; Dorothy Newton, *Magazine* representative; Marjorie Griffiths, work meeting leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Virginia Marshall, organist; Bertha Fox, Secretary-Treasurer; Eula Mae Herrin, Education Counselor; Ione Butterbaugh, theology class leader; Winifred Cardon, literature class leader; June Porter, visiting teacher message leader.

Sister Bean reports: "Pikes Peak was the name unanimously voted for the 301st stake of Zion, organized September 4, 1960, under the direction of Elders Marion G. Romney and LeGrand Richards. In December 1960 a full twelve-member board for Relief Society was completed. Each member is well qualified for the position she holds, and when we have an assignment to fulfill, each one accomplishes her part willingly. We served lunch at our stake conference March 6th to nearly 300 people, and it was a successful venture. We have held four stake leadership meetings and are thrilled with the attendance and co-operation we have received from each ward and

branch. Our stake is quite spread out, with some sisters traveling as far as 110 miles to attend stake meetings, and we are grateful for the fine spirit expressed by them. At our November leadership meeting we decorated a table with a Christmas theme and served light refreshments.

"The picture was taken at a stake board meeting on February 13, 1961. The draperies in the background were made by the original Pueblo Ward, of which all but one of the stake board were members."

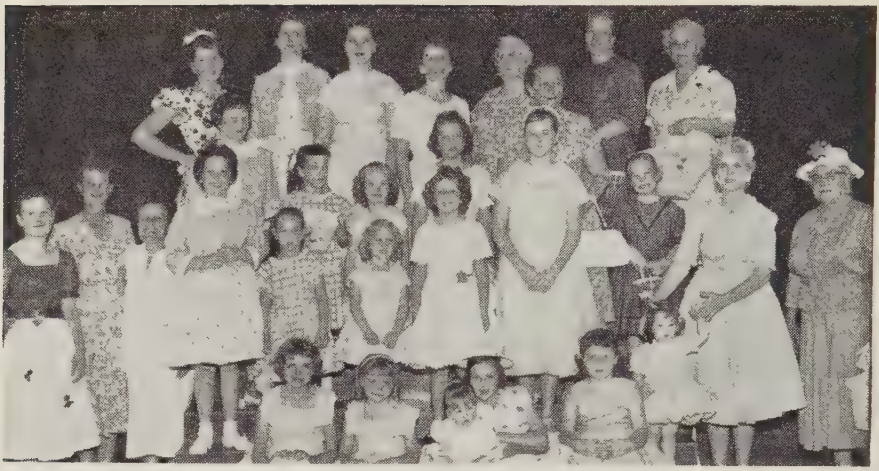
Photograph submitted by Dora P. Webb

BOUNTIFUL NORTH STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL TENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY COMPLETES SUCCESSFUL QUILT-MAKING PROJECT

Front row, seated, left to right: Harriet P. Richardson, Second Counselor; Mildred A. Van Uitert, President; Marjorie S. Zesiger, First Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Isobel Elliott; Alice C. Sedgwick; Ada D. Norberg; Rhea M. Okelberry; Janice D. Calton, Secretary-Treasurer.

Dora P. Webb, President, Bountiful North Stake Relief Society, reports: "In April 1960, the Bountiful Tenth Ward Relief Society was given a building fund assignment for October 1960. The Relief Society presidency asked each pair of visiting teachers to make a quilt of any size and kind they chose, with the help of the women living in their respective districts. The women responded one hundred per cent, with much enthusiasm, donating their money, ideas, and work. Soon the project was moving along, and by October there were twenty-six beautiful quilts ready. The women were all assisted by the presidency and a special quilt committee consisting of Alice C. Sedgwick, Ada D. Norberg, Isobel Elliott, and Rhea M. Okelberry. The building fund function was in the form of a dinner, furnished, cooked, and served by the Relief Society women, and the quilts were sold during the evening. We feel the event was very successful, as over $5,000 was cleared for the building fund. There was $3,500 taken in on the sale of quilts alone. Another project was also accomplished through this united effort, because every woman in the ward was given an opportunity to learn the art of making quilts."



Photograph submitted by Wilma J. Croshaw

GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GRASS VALLEY WARD FASHION SHOW
June 3, 1960

Front row, seated on the step, left to right: Karren and Vicki Harris; Lisa and Peggy Monahan; Kaye Kochever.

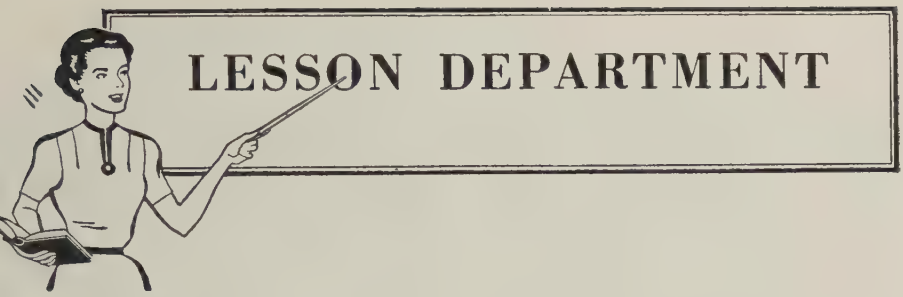
Standing on the floor at the left, left to right: Pamila York; Rose Patterson; Lorese York.

Standing on the floor at the right, left to right: Lucille Tefertiller and daughter Debbie; Esther Perry.

Standing in the back row at the left: Naomi Monahan.

Mothers and daughters standing on the steps, left to right, reading down: Beverly Stratton and daughters Susan and Sharon; Linda and Karen Hook (in square design dresses); Wilma Pollard and daughters Terri and Cheryl; Elaine Brooksby and daughters Sherril and Peggy; Ada Raymond and daughter Marjorie Leonard, and granddaughter Carolyn Frost; Erma Peart and daughter Darlene; Norma Karenkamm, holding bag made in work meeting.

Wilma J. Croshaw, President, Gridley Stake Relief Society, reports: "This fashion show was given as the closing social under the direction of Myrtle Staley, work meeting leader. The dresses were modeled and the type of material, price, and the amount of time required for making the dresses were given in order to try to inspire the young mothers to sew more for themselves and for their children. Mother and daughter and sister dresses were featured."



Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE revelations for study this year in the Doctrine and Covenants were received during the four-month period of March through June, 1831. The Church had been formally organized for only one year. People had come into the kingdom from many quarters, principally from Ohio and the Eastern States. The fundamental principles of the gospel, consisting of faith, repentance, baptism of water and of the Spirit, had been received by these converts. The doctrines and practices of the Church had not yet been revealed as we have them today. It was necessary at this early period that the converts should receive instructions on how to remain faithful members of the kingdom of God.

Satan's efforts are to gather as many as possible into his camp. If the members of the Church of Jesus Christ can be induced to depart from their covenant relationship with God, the Evil One has gained his purpose. Circumstances arose in 1831 where Satan's influence was manifest to the extent that a number succumbed fully to his desires. Others wavered in their allegiance to truth but only temporarily and finally endured to the end. But how should the members of the kingdom fortify themselves against the darts of the Adversary? Specific counsel is given in the revelations for study this year to answer this question. As each lesson is presented, it would be well to point out the concern of the Lord for his children in providing ways in which they might remain true to the "iron rod" (I Nephi 15:23-24).

The final lesson studied last year was about the gifts of the Holy Ghost and the purpose for which the Lord gave these gifts to his people—that they might not be deceived. In other words, keys against deception with counsel on the ways to maintain the faith were willingly provided for the benefit of all the saints. The principles studied this year in the revelations are of current use. This is one of the values to be obtained from the study of The Doctrine and Covenants — it is here for the present value of the saints.

The first revelation for study concerns the appointment of John Whitmer to be Church Historian and Recorder. He filled an office that has continued to be an important part of the Church organization. There is also a great need for families to maintain records. The

next lesson introduces us to the beliefs of a peculiar sect whose teachings ran counter to the restored gospel. Missionaries sent to this group had the benefit of a revelation setting forth the doctrines to be taught. These revealed teachings have a definite place in our lives as guides to salvation. "Be not deceived" is the key expression for the members of the Church in Joseph Smith's day and also our own. The teachings of men and doctrines of devils are as numerous today, if not more so, than at the beginning of the dispensation. A safeguard against this type of deception is close adherence to what the Lord has revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors.

Another lesson develops the truth that the earlier a person accepts the Lord and follows his counsel, the greater will be his blessings. In another lesson one learns some ways by which one may endure to the end.

An opportunity is afforded this year to study the biography of a talented convert who made a great contribution to the work of the Lord. Many lessons are learned from the revelation directed to him and also from his life.

In concluding the series this year, we learn more about the law of consecration in the problems of one branch of the Church. Through this revelation we learn the way to true happiness.

The 1961-62 series of lessons have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 33 — Records Are Important (D & C 47).

Objective: To point out the necessity for record keeping in the Church, the development of the Church Historian's Office, and to encourage the keeping of records within families.

Lesson 34 — The Mission to the "Shaking Quakers" (D & C 49).

Objective: To learn some important truths as a guide against being deceived.

Lesson 35—"Be Not Deceived" (D & C 50).

Objective: To learn that there are ways to detect false spirit manifestations.

Lesson 36 — Teach What "the Apostles and Prophets Have Written" (D & C 52).

Objective: To understand that security in this life and in the world to come is founded upon faith and obedience to the scriptures and the living prophets.

Lesson 37—"Those That Seek Me Early Shall Find Me" (Proverbs 8:17). (See D & C 48, 51, and 54.)

Objective: To realize that everyone is acceptable to the Lord through obedience to his commandments.

Lesson 38—Endure "Unto the End" (D & C 53 and 55).

Objective: To understand that constancy in living the commandments leads to eternal life.

Lesson 39—The Revelation to William W. Phelps (D & C 55).

Objective: To study the contribution of a talented Latter-day Saint who helped move the kingdom of God forward.

Lesson 40—Put the Kingdom of God First (D & C 56).

Objective: To emphasize the importance of taking up one's cross.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Messages for 1961-62

Christine H. Robinson

THE 1961-1962 Visiting Teacher Messages from The Doctrine and Covenants focus attention on certain fundamental character traits. These are the traits of honesty, charity, mercy, steadfastness, and faith, which we recognize as being important, but which we are sometimes prone to take for granted.

This year's "Truths to Live By" concentrate renewed emphasis on these basic character traits and give us an opportunity to increase our understanding of their importance. Furthermore, they help us to visualize how we can build these fundamental qualities into our lives and into the lives of our children. For example, these messages point out that in order to be truly honest we must practice absolute integrity not only in the big things, but also in the seeming trifles of everyday living. They tell us that genuine charity consists of giving of ourselves and of our substance unselfishly and without any thought of worldly reward. They emphasize that mercy is a Christ-like quality which, if practiced, can bring great happiness both to ourselves and to others.

These truths describe steadfastness as a quality loved by the Lord. They point out that faith is a motivating, spiritual power which, if it is to be effective in our lives, must be God-centered rather than self-centered.

These truths also point out that in order to draw near to our Father in heaven in prayer, we must have a humble and a contrite spirit. They further describe how the Lord has given us the example of his life and his gospel as a pattern for us to follow. They emphasize the fact that we must build our lives and our testimonies of the gospel upon the firm foundation of our own knowledge and good work, rather than upon the efforts and accomplishments of others.

These messages as found in The Doctrine and Covenants are like signposts on the highway of life. They point the way to rewarding and abundant living, if we will obey their instructions and heed their counsel.

President Heber J. Grant expressed this thought beautifully when he said, "We are the architects and builders of our lives, and if we fail to put our knowledge into actual practice . . . we are making a failure of life" (*Conference Report*, April 1939, page 18).

He further pointed out that "The Doctrine and Covenants is full of splendid things with which we ought to be familiar." Then he emphasized an important fact that we can read The Doctrine and Covenants through and through, and learn it by heart, and yet it won't benefit us unless we put into practice its

teachings. (See *Improvement Era*, Vol. 48, page 585.)

This year, as in the past four years, each message is presented with an example which illustrates the living application of the truth found in The Doctrine and Covenants.

The 1961-1962 Visiting Teacher Messages and their objectives are as follows:

Message 33—"He That Prayeth, Whose Spirit Is Contrite, the Same Is Accepted of Me . . ." (D & C 52:15).

Objective: To show the true meaning of prayer with a contrite spirit.

Message 34—"I Will Give Unto You a Pattern in All Things" (D & C 52:14).

Objective: To emphasize the fact that the Savior, through his life and through his gospel, has set the pattern for us to follow.

Message 35—"Remember in All Things the Poor and the Needy, the Sick and the Afflicted" (D & C 52:40).

Objective: To describe the nature of genuine charity.

Message 36—"One Man Shall Not Build Upon Another's Foundation" (D & C 52:33).

Objective: To emphasize the fact that we can build solid foundations only upon our own efforts and accomplishments.

Message 37—"And Let Every Man Deal Honestly" (D & C 51:9).

Objective: To show that honesty is the foundation of individual and universal character.

Message 38—"According to Men's Faith It Shall Be Done Unto Them" (D & C 52:20).

Objective: To show the remarkable power and blessings of faith.

Message 39—"I Will Be Merciful Unto You" (D & C 50:16).

Objective: To demonstrate the Christlike nature of true mercy.

Message 40—"Continue in Steadfastness" (D & C 49:23).

Objective: To show that steadfastness is one of our most important character traits.

Work Meeting—Attitudes and Manners

How Do You Do?

Preview of Discussions for 1961-1962

Elaine Anderson Cannon

WE pass through this world but once, and it behooves us all to lift ourselves to our highest level of spirituality, intelligence, morality, gentility, and refinement.

To make this experience of living abundant and satisfying, we must not be content with half measures. Because the success of this life determines our status in the future one, we should be rightly concerned with these matters. Our very relationship with God is dependent upon our relationship with others of

his children. Our self-respect, our inner needs, our recognitions and our opportunities for serving and accepting service from others, our example setting, and our guidance of those under our realm of responsibility, all are influenced by our willingness to put forth the effort to like and to be liked.

Here, then, is one of the great rewards of this life — to get along harmoniously with other people. Thus the noblest aims of men are not frustrated because of petty personal problems, and the simplest associations may become sweet and memorable experiences.

Since the beginning of history, prophets and philosophers have concerned themselves with instructing mankind in the art of human relationships. Never has there been a time when thoughtfulness for others has not been considered a valued personal trait. The key to all social interchange, to personal popularity, to effective community life, to happy family associations, and to ideal government, is ". . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Mt. 7:12). This is the basis of all moral and ethical thinking and behaving.

Looking, acting, thinking in a way which will influence people favorably toward you and bring pleasure to them is most desirable. It is important that women realize their very special role in fostering love for one's fellow men, of setting a proper example in appearance and consideration for others, of creating an element of security in the home, making the most of that which they have, and echoing the loveliest in their local customs and culture.

The purpose of this year's course of study is to point out the challenges and rewards of self-improvement, and the confidence and poise which can come with knowledge of proper behavior under various social situations. Through emotional, social, and spiritual maturity, we may learn to get along with others and achieve an inner peace that results from dealing with one's fellow men pleasantly and effectively. From this accomplishment there follows the additional reward of knowing we are thus serving our Father in heaven.

This discussion course is planned with the hope that it will place this achievement within the grasp of all of our sisters; that practicing the rules of the project of happy group relationships will be pleasant and profitable to Relief Society members and their families.

The 1961-62 series of discussions have been given the following titles and objectives:

Discussion 1—*Manners Matter*

Objective: To show that good manners are fundamental in establishing harmonious relationships with our fellow beings.

Discussion 2—*Just for Example*

Objective: To show that the example of a considerate woman is reflected in the lives of her family.

Discussion 3—*Being a Good Neighbor*

Objective: To show that we serve our Father in heaven better and are happier if we obey the commandment ". . . whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them . . ." (Mt. 7:12).

Discussion 4—*Courtesy in Church*

Objective: To emphasize that we honor our Father in heaven when we practice and encourage respect for others in Church, and for the edifices themselves.

Discussion 5—*Public Performance*

Objective: To remind that anonymity is no excuse for poor behavior, and that a true test of one's character is evidenced in one's treatment of public servants and property.

Discussion 6—*The True Spirit of Hospitality*

Objective: To point out that the development of the art of being a good hostess and an ideal guest is a woman's responsibility, and that the pleasures derived therefrom are her special privileges.

Discussion 7—*Attitudes Make the Difference*

Objective: To show that good manners spring from good thoughts and that a woman is her most charming when she is being thoughtful.

Discussion 8—*Hello and Goodbye*

Objective: To encourage the development of one's best behavior.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York.

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

THE romantic spirit and philosophy dominated America's institutions, culture, and literature up to the outbreak of the Civil War (1861). Young America's imaginative enthusiasms and idealistic crusades and hopes were not original with her, nor were they unique, as the original patterns were brought from "Mother Europe." But in the journey to this wider expanse of earth, and as to the minds and hearts of those who dwelt thereon, the traditional values and patterns were not only transported to the new country, but they were translated as well. From our vantage point of the objectivity which a hundred years gives, we are helped to realize that nineteenth-century American romanticism was no more a mere carbon copy of European originals than it was entirely free of European influences.

It is our immediate concern to define, study, and absorb the movement which stirred the stretching, sprawling giant of newborn America into the action which finally resulted in the "irrepressible conflict" (Civil War) which prefaced permanent unity and maturity. That movement was romanticism, which is complex. It is European and American, a shining idealism and exaggerated inward fear, a melancholy of death, and music of the rural, peaceful heart. It is the indignant hatred of any abuse or degradation of humankind. It is also a refusal to become embroiled in reform or turmoil, while an ideal-

ized past or a non-earthly beauty entices one seemingly to soar above mortal travail. It is escape from increasing pressures and complexities of the age into an imagined inward self whose hidden sins and terrors become more real for the modern reader than either the writer or the world out of which such conflicts came. It is security and peace, at hearthside, seaside, home. But the list is too long—it is the total ways of feeling, thinking, remembering, and hoping which were America's imaginative identity and which are truly a rich legacy.

Those men and their works which give us access to this tradition, both as it developed and as it continues to live have been organized into the following lessons for our year's study:

Lesson 25 — *Nathaniel Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter*

Objective: To gain further insight into the American past and the human heart through a sympathetic reading of Hawthorne's masterpiece.

Lesson 26 — *John Greenleaf Whittier* (1807-1892)

Objective: To enter more fully into the nineteenth century by blending together Whittier's three voices as a Reformer, Quaker, and a New Englander.

Lesson 27 — *Whittier, Lover of New England*

Objective: To study and appreciate Whittier's strong feelings toward place and time as revealed in his writings.

Lesson 28 — *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, American Poet* (1807-1882)

Objective: To renew acquaintance with Longfellow, America's best-loved and best-known poet.

Lesson 29 — *The Cosmopolitan Longfellow*

Objective: To free Longfellow from the easy judgments pronounced upon him by time, that we may properly evaluate his poetry.

Lesson 30 — *James Russell Lowell* (1819-1891)

Objective: To acknowledge Lowell as a representative symbol of mid-century American values and culture.

Lesson 31 — *Edgar Allan Poe — The Pathos of His Life and Poetry* (1809-1849)

Objective: To review Poe's life that we may more truly read his works.

Lesson 32 — *Edgar Allan Poe — Artist of Word and Sentence*

Objective: To see in Poe's writings an attempt to attain perfection in literary craftsmanship and to recognize his art as an escape from his own conflicts.

Social Science—The Place of Woman in the Gospel Plan

Preview of Lessons for 1961-62

Elder Ariel S. Ballif

Course objective: To realize the importance of woman in the plan of salvation, through the full significance of her role in the family as a mother, companion, and covenanted partner in "subduing the earth" and attaining exaltation.

TO students of the social order, the family is the basic unit and largely the determining factor in a healthy, happy, and enduring society. The ups and downs of civilization have been related by these students to the variation in strength and stability of the family as a unit.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints places special importance upon family life. The Church is fully aware of the sociological importance expressed above. It re-emphasizes this importance, and goes much further by pointing out that happiness *here* is only one phase of family existence. It maintains and testifies to the world that the family is eternal, that the authority by which temple marriages are performed has the power to bind on earth and in heaven.

In order to qualify for such a marriage, one must translate into actions the principles of the gospel, emphasizing the law of chastity and the permanency and sacredness of the marriage covenant.

The major roles of the family are played by people of equal responsibility for the success, welfare, and advancement of all members. The gospel places direct responsibility upon the parents for teaching correct principles and for setting the proper examples for the children to follow.

Much has been said and written about the men of the Church and their responsibility for the family. This year in our social science lessons we shall look at the place of woman and her responsibility in the home and in the program of the Church.

Scripturally, man is not without the woman in the sight of God, and exaltation in the highest order of the celestial kingdom of God cannot be attained without success in the marriage covenant. Therefore, we will consider in the first two lessons the eminence of the woman's position in the gospel of Jesus Christ, together with the equality she enjoys in the basic teachings and practices.

No one can enjoy eminence in our society without qualifying in terms of successful achievement. Possibly, the most worthy for this recognition are they who love their fellow men and devote their lives to service. In the third, fourth, and fifth lessons we will consider service as the mission of motherhood. No phase of life requires so much in patience, determination, selflessness, and complete dedication as true motherhood. In turn, nothing undertaken by human beings offers

greater rewards in terms of successful achievement than the mother who offers to society well-rounded, responsible, and achieving sons and daughters.

Society in general and the Church in particular depend upon the effectiveness of the family unit for the progress and fulfillment of the great destiny of man.

In lessons six and seven we shall examine woman's influence in and contribution to the functioning of the Church program. Besides being a homemaker and companion to her husband and family members, she exerts a great influence on the activity of the Priesthood and in the realization of the objectives of the gospel.

The Priesthood leadership has expressed great confidence in women of the Church. They have recognized their mental ability, given expression to their creativeness, and encouraged them to increase their influence with their husbands and sons in the carrying out of their Priesthood responsibilities.

The underlying objective of these lessons is to stimulate the women of the Church more fully to recognize their importance in the successful operation of the program of the Church, and to offer a challenge to improve their abilities so they can more effectively carry out their equal responsibilities in making the Latter-day Saint homes more distinctive in terms of what they produce.

THE EMINENCE OF WOMAN

Lesson 1 — *The Scripture and Woman's Place*

Objective: To help the women of the Church more fully to realize their divinely ordained position.

Lesson 2 — *Full Equality in the Gospel Plan*

Objective: To discover the true significance of unity in the marriage covenant.

SERVICE — THE MISSION OF MOTHERHOOD

Lesson 3 — *Motherhood, the Highest Type of Service*

Objective: To realize the implied obligation and the responsibility of motherhood.

Lesson 4 — *Homemaking, a Creative Calling*

Objective: To emphasize the importance of creating an environment of physical, intellectual, and spiritual beauty in the home.

Lesson 5 — *Homemaking, a Creative Calling* (Continued)

Objective: To help women realize the necessity of continued personal development.

WOMEN AND CHURCH ACTIVITY

Lesson 6 — *How Women Share in the Blessings of the Priesthood*

Objective: To increase our understanding of the way in which women participate in the blessings of the Priesthood.

Lesson 7 — *Fulness of Life and Exaltation*

Objective: To stress the importance of obedience to law in attaining the blessing of exaltation and to summarize woman's place in the gospel plan.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two new writers are represented among the authors of the lessons and introduced to readers of the *Magazine*. Biographical sketches of Elder Ariel S. Ballif, author of the social science lessons, and Mrs. Elaine Anderson Cannon, author of the work meeting discussions, follow:

ARIEL Smith Ballif was born in Logan, Utah, December 1, 1901, the son of John Lyman and Emma Smith Ballif. He married the former Artemesia (Arta) Romney, and is the father of five children.

His life-long service in the Church has included fifteen years of service in YMMIA, president of the elders' quorum, one of the seven presidents of his Seventies quorum. He has served also as bishop, high councilman, and stake president. Twice he has been called to serve in the New Zealand Mission. His first mission was spent as principal of the Maori Agricultural College. His most recent service in the mission field was as president of the New Zealand Mission during the building and dedication of the temple, and just prior to the division of the mission and organization of the first stake there. He is presently serving as patriarch of the East Provo Stake and has been called to work in the Salt Lake Temple, officiating in the sealing ordinances.

He graduated from Brigham Young University with the Bachelor degree and received his Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of Southern California.

He taught in high school and seminary before finishing his graduate study and before joining the faculty of Brigham Young University. At B. Y. U. he has served as chairman of the department of sociology and dean of the Summer School. He is listed in *Who's Who in America*, and is a member of the Academy of Arts and Science, Alpha Kappa Delta, and Phi Kappa Phi. He is a member of the board of directors for the Utah Conference of Social Work, and is serving as a member of the Governor's Committee on Aging for Utah, and the Utah State Detention Standards Committee. He is also an elected member of the Provo City Council.

* * * *

ELAINE Anderson Cannon, a daughter of Aldon J. and Minnie E. Anderson, was born and educated in Salt Lake City. She graduated from the University of Utah with a degree in sociology and a career well on its way in journalism, for she was already Society and Women's Editor of the *Deseret News*.

Elaine married D. James Cannon, Tourist and Publicity Director for the State of Utah, in March 1943. Brother Cannon has been a bishop of Highland View, Monument Park Fifth, and Monument Park Tenth wards. They are the parents of two sons and four daughters.

For many years Sister Cannon has been a feature writer and has conducted her own column for teens in the *Deseret News*. She has also written for Church publications, MIA manuals, and has been a regional writer for *Better Homes and Gar-*

dens, as well as writing articles for other national magazines. The magazine *Seventeen* awarded her a one-of-a-kind citation for outstanding work for youth.

She was a delegate to the Mid-Century White House Conference on Youth. She has been an instructor for the Brigham Young University Extension Division. For two years she had her own television show on KSL-TV. At the present time, Elaine is associated with the *Improvement Era* as an editor of the new Youth Section.

Her Church activities have included teaching and executive positions in all the women's auxiliary organizations. In Relief Society, she has been a ward theology class leader, visiting teacher message leader, and has served as a visiting teacher for many years.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 410.

Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, June 1957, page 412.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, July 1949, page 471.

Life

Catherine Bowles

The wheel of life turns slowly,
Grinds out the sorrows and tears.
Essence of happiness lingers
That quiets our longings and fears.
When love, wisdom, turn the wheel
Then come blessings rich and real.

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..... GO YE FORTH WITH MY WORD—Madsen ..... .25

..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen .. .25

..... INCLINE YOUR EAR—Wilkes .. .25

..... IN THY FORM—Madsen ..... .20

..... LET THE MOUNTAINS SHOUT FOR JOY—Stephens ..... .20

..... LORD, GOD OF OUR FATHERS—Elgar ..... .25

..... LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER—Verdi ..... .20

..... LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen .... .20

..... OPEN OUR EYES—Macfarlane .25

..... THE 23rd PSALM—Schubert.... .25

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Marjorie C. Reay

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Streamlined of wing and body feather.
With practiced eye, you scan the scene
And swoop and dive in graceful pirouette.

For us who watch in envy great,
Such freedom-marked, ballet precision,
The heart keeps crying out to you in vain,
Oh, sea gull, would that I could fly and fly
And loose these fetters that keep me here
Earth-borne.

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TOURS FOR 1961

JUNE—Hawaii, Mexico, Northwest, Alaska

JULY—Hawaii, Pageant and Historical Eastern Tour

SEPTEMBER—Europe

OCTOBER—Aloha Week (Hawaii)

DECEMBER—Rose Parade Tour

JANUARY—Around the World Cruise

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DA 2-5559 — HU 5-2444 — AM 2-2337

To a Granddaughter

Christie Lund Coles

Child, you are all gold and light,
Your eyes are stolen bits of night;

Your smile is morning, captured in
Two dimples and a heart-shaped chin.

Your dainty, fairy footsteps run
Delicately as the mottled sun;

Your hands are graceful as the wind,
Or butterflies, bright, yellow-twinned.

Child, you are all light and gold,
All of summer caught and retold.

"Great Be the Glory of Those Who Do Right"

Celia Luce

"GREAT be the glory of those who do right," we sing in church. That line may call up pictures of mansions in heaven.

But doesn't that line apply just as well to folks here on earth? I know folks who shine with an inner glow of goodness that could almost be called a glory. Because they are looking for the good, they see it, and the world is a place of joy and wonder for them.

Because they are also looking for troubles which can be mended, and are always ready to extend a helping hand, they find the deeper and lasting joy of service. Surely, they find a kind of glory and heaven here on earth that many of us fail to achieve.

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Ninety-four

Mrs. Selena B. Kelsey
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Ninety-three

Mrs. Bodell Hansen Jensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Anna Lefgreen Dahlstrom
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Emily Ludvigson Lowery
Colton, California

Ninety-two

Mrs. Annie Miller Ottosen
Price, Utah

Mrs. Martha Jane Eade Catten
Magna, Utah

Ninety-one

Mrs. Mattie Pettis Allen
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Mrs. Agnes Simpson Halliday
Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Evelyn Van Noy Parker
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Ninety

Mrs. Leola Josephine Erby Lucas
San Francisco, California

Mrs. Serena (Rene) Jacobsen Larsen
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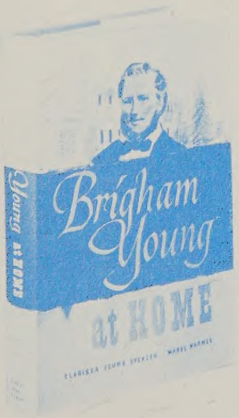

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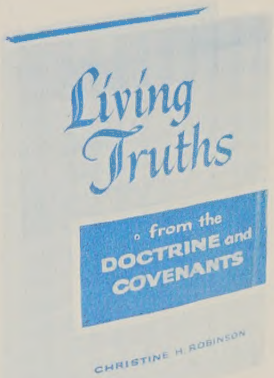

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